The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIV DECEMBER 1963 No. 12

THE NEED OF OUR WORLD

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH, July 1932.—ED.]

SPIRITUALITY is on its ascending arc, and the animal or physical impedes it from steadily progressing on the path of its evolution only when the selfishness of the *personality* has so strongly infected the real *inner* man with its lethal *virus,* that the upward attraction has lost all its power on the thinking reasonable man. In sober truth, vice and wickedness are an *abnormal, unnatural* manifestation, at this period of our human evolution — at least they ought to be so. The fact that mankind was never more selfish and vicious than it is now, civilized nations having succeeded in making of the first an ethical characteristic, of the second an art, is an additional proof of the exceptional nature of the phenomenon.
—H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine,* II. 110

IN THESE DAYS of penury and woe people wish to simplify life, implying that they must disentangle themselves from the want of things. Not given to philosophic reflection they do not analyse the character of their wish: they conclude that something must be done to those many things which they want, instead of perceiving that it is their want which needs attention, treatment, modification.

The old sages of India divided the whole round of human evolution into two — *pravritti* and *nivritti margas,* the paths of involution and evolution. The soul involves itself in nature, matter, *prakriti,* acquiring and adding to its storehouse of possession numerous objects, with a view to use them as vehicles through which experiences are procured. Then ensues the second half of the pilgrimage: experiences gained through vehicles having become part and parcel of the soul, it begins to throw out all and sundry vehicles retaining only its own sphere of memory — the One Vehicle. Memory is called the mother-faculty. In the process of

acquisition the soul becomes dependent on these many vehicles, even when they have become unnecessary. Through acquired habit man clings to his possessions of the past; at the same time, because of his own development, through the cycles, he keeps on discarding those possessions to free himself. This dual process causes the perplexing period of transition.

This phenomenon in the large cycle of evolution of the human kingdom repeats itself in the small cycle of the pilgrimage of each soul, and again in the still smaller cycle of every incarnation. In the early part of his life man labours to collect wealth of every kind; in the second half he struggles to dispose of what is gathered.

To conform himself to the processes of nature a wise man follows the injunction of the ancient Lawgivers, and wilfully and willingly he parts company with the things of the world when "he sees his grandchild playing at his knees." He learns to be dependent on only one vehicle, in this instance, his own body, in which are now stored all the experiences of his life. Not wealth, but the power to make wealth is his. With that one vehicle he retires (he is named *vanaprastha,* forest-dweller), to emerge a little later to serve his fellows (and then he is named *sannyasi*).

In the olden days men practised, life after life, this willing and conscious giving up of possessions. Now it is considered fashionable and even righteous to die in harness, i.e., in the condition of entanglement in worldly affairs. Men have lost the habit of giving up, and the very faculty is atrophied. This giving up is not merely donating out of one's super-abundance; it is the result of superb self-reliance — man is no more dependent upon things and beings, but lives in himself and exerts for others with his spiritual resources. Such was the rule of the old world; it should become the ideal for the modern world.

Nature is methodical and slow in its processes and none of our faculties unfold suddenly as by a miracle. We cannot suddenly become self-dependent, and live without the air of a hundred things, when through centuries we have learnt to be dependent upon millions of them. Men and women of our civilization have made their own lives more woeful. They have defied Nature for several centuries and have precipitated among themselves the abnormal and unnatural manifestation referred to in the text with which this article opens. Nature is not revengeful; and our present world-depression is but Nature's attempt to re-adjust her disturbed harmony. We will not aid her by persisting in our old ways; therefore, President Hoover's plan — buy a new motor-car and

prosperity will drive in — will not work. Nor will the other extreme prove fruitful — to abstain from things wanted, when the craving for them persists, and is even dwelt upon. Disband your factories, destroy your machines, and be contented in loin-cloth, and with a spinning wheel — that will not work either; for, masses of mankind are not ready, have not arrived at that turn of the spiral of evolution when they can live thus. Even modern India is not experienced enough to do this. To force a man to give up things when his desires are not extinct but only slumbering is unwise; very soon the devil in him will let itself loose. In the case of a nation such an imposition will result in lawlessness and chaos.

The philosophy of giving up must be promulgated as one worthy of immediate study. Mass-mind has to be prepared, and individuals must put into motion some Divine Ideas which purify and elevate. But such promulgators have their own lower natures to contend against, their own wants to control and their own desires to discipline. They also cannot afford to do violence to their natures by extreme measures. Their lives must flow evenly, if they are to effect that change in the mass-mind. They must learn so that they may teach.

What?

To begin with there are three Divine Ideas which should be studied and dwelt upon, so that they may move the minds of an increasing number of men and women. W. Q. Judge, who served humanity by promulgating Divine Ideas, presented them (*The Irish Theosophist*, February 1895) thus:—

> Among many ideas brought forward through the theosophical movement there are three which should never be lost sight of. Not speech, but thought, really rules the world; so, if these three ideas are good let them be rescued again and again from oblivion.
>
> *The first idea* is, that there is a great Cause — in the sense of an enterprise — called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family, and is a possibility because sublimity in perfectness and actual realization of brotherhood on every plane of being are one and the same thing. All efforts by Rosicrucian, Mystic, Mason and Initiate are efforts towards the convocation in the hearts and minds of men of the Order of Sublime Perfection.
>
> *The second idea* is, that man is a being who may be raised up to perfection, to the stature of the Godhead, because he himself is God incarnate. This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus, no doubt when he said that we must be perfect even as is the father in heaven. This is the

idea of human perfectibility. It will destroy the awful theory of inherent original sin which has held and ground down the Western Christian nations for centuries.

The third idea is the illustration, the proof, the high result of the others. It is, that the Masters — those who have reached up to what perfection this period of evolution and this solar system will allow — are living, veritable facts, and not abstractions cold and distant. They are, as our old H.P.B. so often said, *living men.* And she said, too, that a shadow of woe would come to those who should say they were not living facts, who should assert that "The Masters descend not to this plane of ours." The Masters as living facts and high ideals will fill the soul with hope, will themselves help all who wish to raise the human race.

WHEN your brother sins against you in any way — for instance, if he speaks ill of you — do not be angered against him, but seek to find in him those good qualities which undoubtedly exist in every man, and dwell lovingly on them, despising his evil calumnies concerning you as not worth attention. The gold-diggers do not pay attention to the quality of sand and dirt in the gold-dust, but only look for the grains of gold; and wash it out of heaps of useless sand.

Every person that does any evil is sufficiently punished by the evil he has committed: it would therefore be insane and most inhuman to nourish anger against such a man; it would be the same as to drown a sinking man, or push into the fire a person who is already being devoured by the flame. To such a man, as to one in danger of perishing, we must show double love, and pray fervently to God for him; not judging him, not rejoicing at his misfortune.

JOHN OF CRONSTADT

MORALITY AND RELIGION

[THIS is the third and concluding part of **Mr. Arthur L. Herman's** study of the relations between morality and religion. At first sight there may be something shocking in the low place apparently given to morality. But the morality so depreciated is the mere regulation of outward-bound, egocentred behaviour towards entities which are erroneously supposed to be "other." The question is lifted to another plane when we ask how a man shall behave who knows that nothing is but God or *Brahman*. On that plane *real* religion, an awareness of unity with the Transcendent and Immanent Reality of God, is as much above a self-conscious morality as conventional, ritual religion is below a sincere application of moral principles to our mortal nature so as to restrain and purify it. As *Light on the Path* says, "Remember, O disciple, that great though the gulf may be between the good man and the sinner, it is greater between the good man and the man who has attained knowledge; it is immeasurable between the good man and the one on the threshold of divinity."—ED.]

III

PARANOIA OR METANOIA ?

IN PART II of this paper I gave a sketch of the position called Moral Exclusion through a brief examination of the modern Indian mystic Bhagavan Shri Ramana Maharshi and his philosophy. I want to conclude this examination of the relations between morality and religion by returning for a moment to those relations as outlined in Part I, in order to concentrate on a more modern, Western phenomenon: the Relation of Religious Exclusion, wherein morality has usurped the position formerly held by religion and now reigns alone, and frequently under the guise of religion. The questions I want to raise regarding this religicide are: "How has morality been able to usurp religion?" and "What are the consequences of this religicide?" To answer these questions I want to make use of a number of Western thinkers and one Indian philosopher. Initially, however, I want to turn to Friederich Nietzsche and his remarks on the death of God.

Before doing so, it might be profitable to return to our five kinds of relations as presented in Part I, and attempt to see these relations in what I think is a kind of historical progression, leading up to the religicide spoken of above. If one were to speak of the evolution of religious and moral thought in regard to the relation of Identity, Inclusion, and Exclusion, it might not be historically inaccurate to say that in the beginnings of the five major religions of the modern world

there was probably a stress on the Relation of Moral Exclusion wherein morality was excluded from religion; that this situation evolved slowly into the Relation of Moral Inclusion where morality became part of the larger religious sphere; that the Relation of Identity followed, wherein religion and morality were regarded as essentially the same in that they had the same goal; that the Relation of Religious Inclusion began when religion started to decline and became but partially included in the larger sphere of morality; and ultimately that religion shrank from sight, thereby ending with the Relation of Religious Exclusion, i.e., ending with no religion and no need for a God-man relationship. Whether this is an accurate description of what *really* occurred or not is unimportant. For many philosophers and theologians are of the opinion, anyway, that morality has indeed swept religion aside and has then stepped into the empty place it left; that is to say, the stress in temple and church is now on being good and less on becoming God-like or Self-realized, as these notions were defined in Part I of this paper. The question now is: What has brought this change about?

Friederich Nietzsche, who frequently took the role of prophet, has written in *The Gay Science*:

> Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the bright morning, ran to the market place, and cried incessantly: "I seek God! I seek God!" As just then there were standing many of those who did not believe in God, he aroused a great laughter. Why, did he get lost? said one. Did he lose his way like a child? said another. Or is he hiding? Is he afraid of us? Has he gone on a voyage? emigrated? — thus they cried and laughed. The madman jumped into their midst and pierced them with his glances. "Whither is God?" he cried, "I shall tell you! *We have killed him* — you and I! We are all his murderers! Yet how have we done this? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the whole horizon? What did we do when we unchained the earth from its sun? Whither does it move now? . . . God is dead! God remains dead! And we have killed him! . . ."

Walter Kaufmann, commenting on this passage, says:

> . . . to have lost God means madness; and when mankind will discover that it has lost God, universal madness will break out (*Nietzsche*, p. 75).

I should like to propose here, as an hypothesis, that the death of God has been caused by a super-abundance of morality (or "moralness," as the compulsion to become good) and that the madness in the world (which few will wish to doubt) is caused in turn by this usurping

morality. Nietzsche's other writings on the subject and his stress on "slave morality" in those writings would appear to bear out this interpretation. In the beginning morality was seemingly content to sit side by side with religion (the Relation of Identity) but now morality no longer needs religion as a foundation for its own activity, and she has chosen to rule alone (she rules *exclusively*). But if there is madness in the world, is Religious Exclusion the cause of this madness? And if that is the case, what is the solution? These questions can only be partially answered and certainly with very little satisfaction even then. What I wish to offer both in raising these questions and in attempting to answer them are merely suggestions — "partial truths," if you prefer.

A French philosopher, René Guenon, in his book *East and West* has characterized the West as materialistic and moralistic, claiming that the two characteristics are bound together by sentimentality into a kind of necessary relationship (i.e., you do not have one without, at the same time, having the other), in which there is no need whatsoever for discovering what Guenon calls "Truth." For Guenon, "moral progress" goes hand in hand with "material progress" and represents *the* predominating factor in the modern mentality. Morality seems, on this interpretation, designed primarily to protect property and insure material success; the sentimental as opposed to the intellectual attitude of mind ensures a kind of "success" in this area, but a success which Guenon believes can only lead to a form of madness:

> Indeed, materialism and sentimentality, far from being in opposition, can scarcely exist one without the other, and they both attain side by side to their maximum development; the proof of this lies in America where ... the worst pseudo mystical extravagances come to birth and spread with incredible ease, at the very time when industrialism and the passion for business are being carried to a pitch that borders on madness (*East and West*, p. 39).

When morality loses sight of its proper end in relation to religion, which is the acquiring of merit (*pace* Ramana Maharshi, cf. Part II of this paper), and becomes instead an end in itself, it becomes sentimental. On the other hand, the goal of intellection ("religion" we have been calling it) has always been a union with, an identity with, or reintegration in, the Divine. Thus morality, even when it has its proper goal in mind (within the Christian-Hindu context, at any rate), can never achieve the goal that religion aims at; for it can at most gain for the worshipper, or actor in this case, only the Grace of God or a better birth in the next life. I say "only" because the religious person can be

satisfied with nothing less than God Himself, not His Grace or a better future life (as the Maharshi was adept at pointing out). And morality, having lost sight of that religious goal, and now even denying that it ever existed, becomes, according to Guenon, sentimental and not intellectual.

The madness which results from this exclusive stress on morality I will refer to as "*paranoia*," wherein one becomes overly concerned with the protection of one's possessions, property, children, and associates; wherein also one is concerned for these things because threats to them are really threats to oneself, since there is an unyielding identification between self and material objects. Taking no thought for the morrow becomes an impossibility, and anyway the law and the police will protect one from the ravages of the morrow and the terrible danger to one's possessions today — one becomes possessed in place of possessing. As Frithjof Schuon has remarked: "The police Spirit is in fact closely linked with a suspicious and corrosive moralism, indeed with a certain persecution mania" (*Spiritual Perspectives*, p. 182).

The solution which I shall suggest lies in the concept of "*metanoia*"; the Greek word means a "turning around or about" and is closely related to the Latin word often rendered "conversion" (con-version), a movement from the sentimental and moralistic to the intellectual and spiritual. Alan Watts refers to *metanoia* as "metaphysical conversion," as opposed to the more moral and penitential observances of the Church, wherein remorse and feelings of sin play a predominant and unhealthy role, where "the wounded feelings of Christ" and "the grieved Holy Spirit" are apparently meaningful expressions.

The process of *metanoia* itself is described in metaphors and symbols which modern man with his inane interest in literalism has been unable to fathom. *Metanoia* involves the acceptance of what Schuon describes as the *esoteric* path, while morality involves itself with the *exoteric* path. Schuon says: "Exotericism is founded on a creature-creator dualism to which it attributes an absolute reality" (*The Transcendent Unity of Religions*, p. 62).

Such a path is concerned with an irreducible dualism and the exclusive pursuit of individual salvation; the motto of this exotericism is "I and thou." Since it recognizes "others" in the world to which one stands in some kind of absolute relation, one can do good to those others and morality is popular. Since it also recognizes a Supreme Other, as apart from itself, it can also do good towards that Other for the purpose of rewards.

Esotericism on the other hand, the mystical path of *metanoia,* is not tempted with moralism and its resulting corrosive effects, and sees no significant others or Other in the World. The esoteric way according to a Sufi formula is "I am thou, thou art I"; while esoteric knowledge is represented by the motto "Neither I nor thou, Him." Morality has no significance here; for there are no others towards whom one can act for the sake of goodness, or for the sake of reward, or for the sake of Divine Grace. This monism is one of the characteristics of this process of *metanoia,* and one can find elements of it in the mysteries of the ancient Greeks, primitive and medieval Christianity, Taoism, Buddhism, Islam, and Hinduism (of the latter we saw an outstanding example in our discussion of Ramana Maharshi in Part II).

However, that there can be no pre-established and universal prescription for overcoming the *paranoia* mentioned above is the view of J. Krishnamurti, a philosopher who refuses to be classified as Hindu, Christian, or anything else. His reason for disclaiming any kind of classificatory title seems to lie in the fact that to be one thing, say, a Christian, assumes that you cannot be another, say, a Hindu. (I recall Ananda Coomaraswamy's statement that he was too catholic to ever be a Catholic.) This urge on the part of many for names and labels stems, he would argue, from a kind of dualistic attitude about the world, man, and God ("pluralistic," really), a notion he finds no need for in his own life. Krishnamurti says, concerning our *paranoia* and madness:

> In order to transform the world about us, with its misery, wars, unemployment, starvation, class division and utter confusion, there must be a transformation in ourselves. The revolution must begin within oneself but not according to any belief, or ideology, because revolution based on an idea, or in conformity to a particular pattern is obviously no revolution at all. To bring about a fundamental revolution in oneself, one must understand the whole process of one's thought and feeling in relationship. That is the only solution to all our problems — not to have more disciplines, more beliefs, more ideologies and more teachers [what, in a sense, we have been calling "morality," and, in effect, all codified religions, dogmas, rules, laws, etc.] If we can understand ourselves as we are from moment to moment without the process of accumulation, then we shall see how there comes a tranquillity that is not a product of the mind, a tranquillity that is neither imagined nor cultivated; and only in that state of tranquillity can there be creativeness. (*The First and Last Freedom,* p. 49)

What I have been stating in this paper amounts to, as I said in the

beginning, expressing an attitude towards a relationship between morality and religion. I have tried to show that morality is not religion, nor is religion morality, although at times I have resorted to definitions and not proofs as I thought that the two disciplines could be differentiated in terms of the goals at which they aimed: the one aimed at producing a good man, the other at producing a God-man. Next I tried to show that the good man is not necessarily the God-man (Jesus stated this clearly when he said, "Why call ye me good? Only the Father in Heaven is good"), for the most that the good man can hope for is God's Grace, or a better future incarnation, and not the goal that religion aims at.

If nothing else, I have tried to show that the moralizing spirit results in a kind of *paranoia*; whether morality is the cause of this madness as Nietzsche thought, or whether it is merely an accompanying characteristic of materialism and sentimentality as Guenon thought, is a moot issue, better left to separate discussion. The stress on morality to the exclusion of religion is a sign, if you will, of a movement that has uprooted religion and left man to drift in a kind of madness, separated from what used to be regarded in more traditional times and societies as the right and proper goal for man — this goal, as a process or method, I have referred to as "*metanoia*." *Metanoia* is characterized by a monistic metaphysics in which there is no "other" but the One, God, *Brahman*, or whatever name you wish, and the method of attaining this One, or Liberation, lies along the esoteric path of religion and not along the exoteric path of morality. The method of approach to this path can only be explained, apparently, in terms of paradoxes, myths, symbols, and the kind of nugatory exposition given by Krishnamurti, wherein one must give up all creeds and formulas, and by some method wholly natural to man come to understand the one thing most needful. But this is hardly satisfactory.

The Zen Buddhist formula, more mysterious perhaps than Krishnamurti's (for we must certainly agree that his advice to have no formula constitutes in itself a kind of formula), would appear to offer even less consolation, but I offer it here in conclusion since many men have found in it a guide to the esoteric path. That formula is: "When you are hungry, eat; when you are thirsty, drink." Modern man, however, is apparently at a stage where he does not know when he is hungry or thirsty, and if he does know this he scarcely knows, perhaps because of his madness, what to do about that hunger and thirst. Beyond this I know of no other way of discussing *metanoia*.

ARTHUR L. HERMAN

THE SUPREME BELOVED

[**Professor Sujitkumar Mukhopadhyaya** of Visva-Bharati University reviews briefly the many modes of man's love of God. God is the Supreme Beloved, indeed; for what makes any object of true love lovable is the light of a divine excellence, *vibhūti*, shining through it.—ED.]

THE UPANISHADS described it as the Unknown. The modern poet too calls it the same (*ajānā*). Yet human beings in all ages have devoted their whole lives to the endeavour to know it, to bind it with ties of friendship. Some of them have called it Father; others have called it Mother; still others have called it Brother or Friend.

Primitive man imagined a god who was dread. The relation between him and his devotee was that of the oppressor and the oppressed, that of a hunter and his prey. The devotee's whole energy was spent in pacifying this dread Being with presents. He was stuffed with all sorts of offerings. The poor devotee could feel only the "dread of the Dreadful" (*bhayānām bhayam*). This is only one aspect of God. Such a devotee had not the good fortune to see His benevolent side, which is the "Immortal Fountain-head of Bliss" (*ānandarūpam amṛtam*); and he could not conceive of an affectionate relationship with Him.

When primitive man became gentler, more modest, and sweeter, his Deity changed with him. When, in which historic or prehistoric age, did the devotee begin to see the sweet nature of his Deity? When did he begin to think of him as Father or as Mother? When did he think of him as Brother, as Friend, or as the beloved Husband?

Nearly five thousand years ago, man thought of his Deity as Father, as Mother, as Brother, or as Friend. God was even conceived as the beloved Husband. In the *Ṛgveda* we find that the devotee has established all these relationships with the Deity; indeed the Deity is thought of even as a child.

Thou art our father, thou art our mother. O Shatakratu [performer of hundred sacrifices, i.e., Indra], we pray for thy grace. (*Ṛg*, 8.98.11; *Sama-Veda*, 2.520; *Atharva-Veda*, 20.108.2)

Thou art the father and mother of all persons for all times. (*Ṛg*, 6.1.5)

We know Agni as our father, as our friend, as our brother, and as our constant companion. (*Ibid.* 10.7.3)

O Vāyu, thou art our father, thou art our brother and thou art our friend. (*Sāma*, 2.1191; *Ṛg*, 10.186.2)

He is our friend, he is our father who fulfils all our needs. (*Yajur-Veda* (*Vājasaneyi-Saṃhitā*), 32.10; *Atharva*, 2.1.3; *Ṛg*, 10.82.3)

As a father sits very close to his dear son, so dwells the "Fountain-head of life (*prāṇa*)" near every creature. (*Atharva,* 11.4.10)

O Beautiful One! Thou art to be saluted. Thou art to be praised. With salutations, as well as with hymns, the wise ones hurry towards Thee. Some of them desire immortality, others desire wealth. O Powerful One! The praise of the wise comes to Thee, as passionate wives come to their passionate husbands. (*Ṛg,* 1.62.11)

As mothers kiss their sons, so the wise ones kiss again and again the mighty Indra who suckles *soma* (from the motherlike Rishis). (*Ibid.,* 3.41.5; *Atharva,* 20.23.5)

Are Indra, Agni, Vāyu, different names of God, or different gods?[1] A question like this is irrelevant here. Because the subject of discussion is the cordial relationship between the worshipper and the Worshipped. It does not matter whether the Worshipped One is God or Brahman, or Indra, or Agni, or Shiva, or Durga, or Rama, or Krishna, or Buddha, or Christ.

The Shaivas, later, worshipped Deity as Father or Master; the Shaktas as Mother; while the Vaishnavas and Bauls as friend, husband, or beloved. A novel relationship has also been established between the worshipper and the Worshipped. The former is the mother and the latter the child. God is imagined to be *Bāla-Gopāla* (Child Krishna). This is a new contribution to divine kinship. The Vaishnavas pour out boundless affection upon God in the form of a child, a holy boy.

In Bengal, two religious attitudes have existed side by side; one belongs to the Vaishnavas and the other to the Shakti cult. While the Vaishnavas think of God as son, the Shaktas think of Him as daughter. In the beautiful land of Bengal, in a cosy village cottage on the bank of a river, the Deity was born as a peasant's daughter. People in Bengal, both East and West, Hindus and Muslims, have composed numberless sweet songs on the pain and sadness of separation from a daughter who is given away in marriage. The prayers for this new-born deity were all composed in the mother tongue, Bengali, not in Sanskrit.

Though the Deity was looked upon as a lovely combination of all the relations of the world, still the devotee was not satisfied. He knew that a barrier yet remained between him and his deity. Even this very thin barrier has to be removed, if he wishes to enter into the Realm of Beatitude. The Rishi sang: "O Agni, when I become thee, or thou

---

[1] Fire is one but it glows in different shapes; the sun is one yet it shines everywhere; twilight is one but it pervades all; God is one yet He dwells in all the forms of creations. (*Ṛg.,* 8. 58.2).

becomest me, then all thy blessings in this world become true." (*Ṛg*, 8.44.23.)

This is the final state that a devotee aspires to attain, the state in which there is no difference between the worshipper and the Worshipped. Thousands of years ago, the Indian sage aspired to attain it. Doubtelss, he did attain it.

> O Beautiful One! Thy creation is full of beauty; it is full of Thy blessings. In various beautiful forms, in manifold relationship, in love and compassion, Thou hast manifested Thyself.
>
> O God! Thou dwellest in diverse forms in diverse bodies; in some as woman, in others as man; in some as youth, in others as a maiden; while in some others as a decrepit, tottering old man, wandering about with the aid of a staff. In the entire universe, in every direction, it is Thou that hast come into being.
>
> It is the self-same God Who has manifested Himself as father, as well as son; as elder as well as a youngster. It is He who has entered the heart and mind. The same Being Who was born at the beginning of creation also exists now in the embryo.[2]

SUJITKUMAR MUKHOPADHYAYA

WHATEVER thou doest, O son of Kunti, whatever thou eatest, whatever thou sacrificest, whatever thou givest, whatever mortification thou performest, commit each unto me. Thus thou shalt be delivered from the good and evil experiences which are the bonds of action; and thy heart being joined to renunciation and to the practice of action, thou shalt come to me. I am the same to all creatures; I know not hatred or favour; but those who serve me with love dwell in me and I in them.

—*Bhagavad-Gita*, Ch. IX.

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[2] *Atharva*, 10.8.27-8. Quoted from *The Path of Universal Love*. By SUJITKUMAR MUKHOPADHYAYA (The Visva-Bharati University, Santiniketan)

"WELL DONE, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SERVANT"

[**Mr. E. V. Hayes** relates a rather charming incident to bring home once again the truth that life obeys a pattern behind its bewildering multiplicity and that each person and each quality, however strange to our eyes, finds a place in that pattern.—Ed.]

During a holiday in Cornwall (unexpectedly paid for, but very welcome) some years ago, I came by accident across a middle-aged lady, whose only name — so far as I know her name — was Rachel. I strayed out of Tintagel, with its King Arthur memories, and away from Boscastle with its wonderful Cornish cream teas, into a small village that I seem to remember was called Trevalga. I had had a long walk and I wanted tea *instanter,* if possible. In the front room window of a cottage was the joyful tidings in one word only: teas. The door of the cottage was slightly open; so I tapped — and Rachel appeared.

"I thought you would be coming along," she said. "That is why I put the card in the window."

Now the friend who had paid for me to have the month's holiday was also at Tintagel, in a nearby farmhouse to the one at which I was being well treated. Well treated with the exception of the beverage known as tea. My very good hostess must have thought that being a vegetarian implied abstinence from tea, so she gave me loads of creamy milk, hot and cold, morning, noon and evening, but no tea, Indian, China, Russian, Tibetan, or just plain British and American. So I thought I would do without tea for the month and see how much better I was for the self-denial. Here in this cottage there was Temptation which I made no effort to resist. But why was Rachel expecting me? Perhaps my friend knew her. No, she did not know anyone, she said. "I live very much alone, although I am not lonely. I only put the card in the window when I know someone is likely to turn up about teatime. That is why you are welcome."

She served me well, and she could talk well. In her conversation was a note of resignation. She at first reminded me of a very austere aunt of mine, who seemed to have arrived on earth only to oblige the Deity and to have regretted it ever since. But Rachel thawed. As I was studying in an easygoing way the subject of psychology I came to the conclusion that she was suffering from an inferiority complex, but was none the worse for it. She was well acquainted with modern problems, if I may

call them such: threats of nuclear and bacteriological warfare; very extrovert nudity under circumstances where it is more charming to be clothed and in one's right mind; family planning; juvenile delinquency; colour bars; the tweedledum and tweedledee of Politics, etc., etc., etc. I suggested what I thought might be remedies or alleviations, but she waved them all aside.

"How can *you* prevent war, or I? Or can you or I by using a vote once in three or four years — and never consulted in between, no matter what the crisis — have any effect or influence in the country at all? If the nuclear bomb is ever abandoned, it will be because a more deadly weapon has been perfected. I have lived a fair number of years. One can do nothing, except with oneself. And that is not easy, and there is no reward for it. I can remember starting out as a young woman, full of plans for re-making the world, bringing peace and good will, ending disease, and so on. There has been no radical change, save of title. Think! We have a scare in this country about cigarette smoking, for example. Causes cancer, they say. Not just a few fanatics but most of the medical men. A few may be persuaded but the majority smoke and puff joyfully on to an early grave. Take the babies deformed through drugs. One drug is abandoned; another will take its place. And so on. We few may be 'we few, we happy few, we band of brothers,' but when we hope to change the world, nothing happens. All the prophecies of the Apocalypse, and other writings, East and West, may come true; if they are true prophecies they *must* come true and we cannot prevent them happening. We few can only withdraw. You know — the Apocalypse: 'Come out of her [Babylon], my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.' "

"We can hold out a light to others," I suggested.

"Yes," she agreed. "We can do that. And to what good? If we are important people, yes, that is noticed. But most of us are not important. So no one takes any notice of us. We vote. What is the good? We do *not* vote. What harm to those who direct affairs? None. We live without animal food; a thousand, a million live and eat more corpses than ever. So on. We are of no importance. The Important People know that and they just shrug and smile. I came to that conclusion years ago. I wanted to be Somebody. I wanted to be on the stage, as I had a natural talent for acting. I tried. No! No influence behind me. Serious playacting was not wanted. I was glad of a poorly paid job. It had one compensation. I was unnoticed. I was but one among millions. I could live my own life and do a bit of good if I got the chance. Not much. Nothing for the

newspapers. A woman of no importance — me. Good for nothing. Unsensational."

I spent a good deal of time with her during the holiday, up to the last three days. Then I found her in hospital. She had been knocked down by a car. Not badly injured, but horribly scared.

"I've slipped a disc, or something," she said to me. " I don't know what a disc is, but never mind. It hurts. I wanted the man to get away. It was my fault. He has a business in Camelford. But he gave himself up as if he had committed murder."

"Careless car driving is first cousin to murder," I said severely.

"Oh, we don't want to punish him," she said. "He only lost his wife a year ago. Through drugs. He's been in to see me. Looks ever so upset about it. He must cheer up. I'm all right. I feel sorry for *him*. I'll stand by him, whatever happens. You know, I had a dream last night. I saw Some one wonderful. Out of a stained-glass window, I think. He said: 'Well done, good-for-nothing servant.' 'What for?' I asked. 'You've brought down a man who was going to the drink because he'd lost his wife.' 'He brought *me* down,' I said. 'But I'll forgive him.' " (She glanced at the New Testament and a book about Mahatma Gandhi near to her hand.) "Christ would have forgiven worse than that and did; so did the Mahatma. Funny thing. This man that ran me down is named Jacobs. I might be Jacob's Rachel. He has told the hospital to spare no expense. I might marry him, you see. . . ."

I didn't see. But I heard about a year later that the two were in the running for living happily ever after. The man will not run her down again.

ERNEST V. HAYES

WELCOME, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.

—JAMES JOYCE

THE LACK IN MODERN EDUCATION

[**Dr. J. L. Henderson, M.A.(Oxon), Ph.D.,** of the Central Institute of Education, University of London, has worked in the educational field for long years. He has taught in schools and universities, and has also been author, broadcaster, and traveller. In February 1963 he lectured to the London Branch of the Indian Institute of World Culture on "The God-Forsaken Curriculum." He pleads in this article for the restoration to modern education of a spiritual dimension which would bring to the students individual integrity and a clear sense of values.—ED.]

THE PURPOSE of this article, as its title suggests, is to direct attention to what is both a perennial and a contemporary discontent. There has never been an entirely satisfactory educational system because there has never been a perfect society, although educational blueprints for social utopias have often been prepared. Yet in those cases where homogeneity of communal aim has existed, as for example in a one-party state, a closed religious order, or partially even in certain types of democracy, education has enjoyed a vigour otherwise lacking. In the middle of the twentieth century mankind is confronted with a trilemma: national units evoke nationalist education but are only viable in a supra-national context; this supranational context tends to get created in the totalitarian terms of one of the isms, it in turn evoking a totalitarian educational response; what is really required is the supra-national context created in democratic terms and evoking a democratic educational response. In what follows I shall try to indicate how this trilemma may be overcome by the adoption of a blueprint for education in world understanding, which will remedy the lack in modern education as hinted at above.

My point of departure is that as a species contemporary man's very existence is menaced by three categories of danger, each of which springs from a specific lack in education. The first of these is a political category — the unbridled sovereignties of nation-states, coupled with ferocious ideological disputes; the second is an economic one — the malnutrition of two-thirds of the earth's inhabitants and their explosive growth in numbers; the third is a psychological and spiritual one, namely the prevalence of Ego-central individual personalities and power-intoxicated groups. It is in the homes and schools of this planet that the foundations need to be laid for the growth of a coming generation of world citizens in whose upbringing this lack has been remedied.

The three categories of danger need to be dealt with by means of a deeper and more relevant articulation of the fundamental relationships in which all men are involved — to their origins, to their natural and human environment, and to that which concerns them ultimately. Basically, therefore, our educational programme must include the upbringing of children in a proper understanding of and reverence for these. Such an understanding will need to be rooted in each child's local habitat and at the same time be valid for him in his now inescapable role of future citizen of one world. It necessarily demands an adequate quantity of pertinent information combined with a rich quality of positive attitudes.

With regard to the first relationship each child requires, in accordance with his age and aptitude, to be educated with a sense of purposeful origin. Its nature is beautifully described by the French philosopher, Gabriel Marcel, who speaks of each single human being as incarnating

> the reply to the reciprocal appeal which two beings flung to each other in the unknown and which, without suspecting it, they flung beyond themselves to an incomprehensible power whose only expression is the bestowal of life. . . . My family, or rather my lineage, is the succession of historical processes by which the human species has become individualized into the singular creature that I am. All that it is possible for me to recognize in this growing and impressive indetermination is that all these unknown beings, who stretch between me and my unimaginable origins, whatever they may be, are not simply the causes of which I am the effect or the product: there is no doubt that the terms cause and effect have no meaning here. Between my ancestors and myself a far more obscure and intimate relationship exists. I share with them as they do with me — invisibly; they are consubstantial with me and I with them.[1]

In terms of curriculum this means a comparative study of homes, in which the infinitely various is not permitted to obscure the ever constant. The birth of a boy or girl in Peking, Moscow, or Bombay, yesterday or today, is never an accident but always a meaningful incident in the play of life.

With regard to the relationship to his natural and human environment each child requires, in accordance with his age and aptitude, to be educated to grasp the significance of conflict in human affairs. This

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[1] G. MARCEL: *Homo Viator: The Mystery of the Family.* Translated by EMMA CRAUFURD. (Gollancz, London. 1951)

means acquainting him with the traditional roles of the hero and his adversary, and demonstrating to him how the constants of good and evil have displayed themselves in a host of variable forms and then persuading him which of these forms are legitimate in the present stage of human evolution. The criterion of such legitimacy is whether they promote the setting-up of supra-national organs of political government, global food-production, and distribution boards, and the creation of charitable men and women. The diet of the curriculum must, therefore, consist of the dark to balance the light, the dragon to challenge St. George, evil to give countenance to good.

With regard to his relationship to ultimates each child requires, in accordance with his age and aptitude, to be educated in what is meant by that element in human experience which concerns him ultimately and for which he can make sacrifices, even of his life, gladly and without resentment. In personal relations it is that which safeguards a lasting intimacy between two persons that necessarily begins with the body and the mind but can only endure if redeemed by what is non-body and non-conscious ego. This may be most variously described according to the type and situation of those concerned, as "the inner light," Tao, the "Jewel in the Lotus," the Atman or the Brahman, the "mid-point of the personality" or simply Factor X. Its most recent description has come from the pen of the Director-General of UNESCO, Réne Maheu, who, in his foreword to the cultural and scientific *History of Mankind,* refers to every civilization producing or evoking

> an image of man in terms of the universal. This immanence of the universal in every cultural and scientific experience is what gives its essential character to the spiritual solidarity of mankind.[2]

If the elders of a world society are wise enough to bring up their young with a realization of the "spiritual solidarity" that our educational blueprint has outlined, then the lack in modern education will turn to plenty.

JAMES L. HENDERSON

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[2] Foreword (p. xiii) to *Prehistory and the Beginnings of Civilization.* By JACQUETTA HAWKES and Sir LEONARD WOOLLEY. (Vol. I. *History of Mankind, Cultural and Scientific Development.* Allen and Unwin, London. 1963)

CERTAIN SUPERSTITIONS AND ORTHODOXIES

[**Shri R. R. Diwakar** is one of the most distinguished public figures of post-Independence India. His work as a Gandhian publicist has been of great importance. In this brief article he counsels a fearless and vigorous use of the critical intellect.—Ed.]

By the words "superstitions" and "orthodoxies" I do not mean the usual ones which we come across in daily life. I am referring here to certain unconscious or subconscious beliefs of many of us which act as hurdles in the way of our proper understanding of problems and their solution. Without such a clear understanding of problems and their solution, conscious and orderly progress can never be assured.

It is obvious that it is not possible to enumerate all such superstitions. My attempt is to indicate some of them, leaving it to the readers to add to the list.

A superstition is often a blind belief which is accepted without any rational inquiry or scientific data. Very often such beliefs get embedded in our subconscious, and affect our thinking and actions. They are also detrimental to a knowledge of the real facts and truth. Orderly and conscious progress is thereby hampered.

Man's mind is given to what may be called "static thinking" and indulges in looking upon the world and man as something mechanical. In modern times Darwin gave the first shock to this superstition by publishing *The Origin of Species*. Most of us, however, seem to think and act on the assumption that man does not now seem to be evolving appreciably. Possibly, as a biological being; it is difficult to detect the evolutionary changes that are taking place in his body. But anyone who looks over the last few thousand years of man's history will be easily convinced that man's consciousness is evolving and its range is widening and deepening. In fact, all the progress which man has achieved and is achieving in the material, intellectual, moral, aesthetic and spiritual fields is due to this evolution in the consciousness of man. While the consciousness of other animals seems to be comparatively static, man's consciousness has developed rapidly and is still developing various powers which has made human progress possible.

We often believe in the past glories of India to such an extent that we refer only to the past and think that all that had to be thought and

done in religion, philosophy, metaphysics, yoga, sociology, and so on, has once and for all been thought out and finalized and nothing more remains to be done and that there is no possibility of any progress on those lines. This is as good or as bad as saying that our minds have become sterile. A simple historical perspective will clear our mind of this superstition. Indian civilization, thought, and culture are not dead. We cannot dismiss them like those of Egypt or Greece or Rome. Indian civilization and culture are like a continuously living and flowing stream. The soil of the Indian mind is still vital and creative. From time to time it has thrown up giants who have contributed to the process of human progress. While the fundamentals have remained, the Indian mind has added new things, created new forms and the mighty structure is still in the process of being built. While the Vedas, the Upanishads, the *Gita*, the Puranas, the Smritis have always been there, the great Acharyas have drawn from them and produced great systems of thought and the saints have added the easier methods of devotion for the masses. In modern times, enriched by the study of the Bible, the Koran and all other religious literature, and with the vision widened by science, great minds from Ram Mohan Roy, Ramakrishna, and Vivekananda, to Tagore, Shri-Aurobindo, Tilak, and Gandhi have proved that the source of inspiration and of life and light is all too living, vital, and creative. These modern Rishis and seers and saints have not only enriched India but contributed to world-thought through their writings in English. It is time that every Indian became conscious of this fact. While India has much to learn in science and technology, in organizational methods and social amelioration from the West, let her not think that she has nothing to give and that she has only to be a beggar at the doors of the modern world. It has to be a two-way traffic.

Often one comes across theories and proposals and systems of economic and social life in India which are based on the orthodox thinking that India can order her life as she likes. It has to be realized once and for all that isolated national life not only for India but for any country in the world is now impossible. Anything that happens anywhere in the world affects India and *vice versa*. This is so not only because communication has increased and the world has metaphorically shrunk to smaller proportions, but because the range of our consciousness has widened. We cannot but think in terms of the world and of humanity as a whole. No-one whose thinking is on a less than global scale can any longer be called a thinker. Nations as defined in the latter part of the nineteenth century can have no isolated existence. There-

fore, however attractive and tempting it might be to think of India as a self-contained, self-sufficient, self-evolving paradise on earth, the hard realities are not only that "ideas have no legs" but that even men and women have now grown wings! We have to think in terms of being part of the community of human beings all over the world.

Swami Vivekananda once remarked that the Indian mind is individualistic and thinks in terms of individual prosperity and individual salvation. Possibly it has been true of the minds of many other peoples also. But this kind of idea is rooted in the superstition that individuals can attain perfection irrespective of the society to which they belong. If one considers how an individual develops, economically, intellectually, morally and so on, one finds that he can develop only if the society in which he is born and lives gives him opportunities. Everything about him is bound up with his society and he can progress only to the extent that the society gives him opportunities. This has already been recognized in the field of economics and capitalism is a thing of the past, at least in the world of ideas. Exploitation is only another word for capitalism. If exploitation in the economic field is taboo, it is equally iniquitous in the other fields. No attainments or position, give an individual any right to take undue advantage of his weaker brother, whether it is in the field of economics, intellectual wealth, moral superiority, or spiritual greatness. All progress and redemption have to be social and not merely individual. The age of individual progress and salvation, in isolation or independent or irrespective of others is gone. It has to be a co-operative effort in which each is a participant, both in the process of work and its result.

With the advent of our Five-Year Plans a new superstition seems to have taken shape in the minds of our people: That if our living standards improve, our morals, our cultural life, our capacity to be happy, national integration, and such other intangibles would automatically come about. But what is happening in other advanced countries and our country must disillusion us in this respect. The development of these qualities, irrespective of material advances, has to be our special responsibility since it is on these that the enjoyment of the fruits of all successful plans depends. This has to be by itself a long-range plan — to cultivate the qualities which are absolutely necessary for being a real citizen of the Republic of India as well as of the world.

R. R. DIWAKAR

THE BEGINNINGS OF "PANCHAYATI RAJ"

[**Shri C. V. H. Rao** has written on more than one contemporary problem in India's social and economic situation and been officially connected with community development projects. He writes hopefully of the beginnings of the movement towards *panchayati raj* — an attempt to devolve upon small elected bodies such as the village *panchayats* powers to deal with matters of local interest. It is an attempt at that decentralization of authority without which democracy cannot be made a substantial reality. Shri Rao offers a warning or two also.—ED.]

THE COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMME introduced on a country-wide scale more than a decade back is being converted progressively and State by State into the *panchayati-raj* scheme during the last three years as part of a vast experiment in rural development. The basic significance of the change is that rural development programmes and techniques are being rapidly reoriented and their implementation is being taken away from the hands of the traditional administrative agency and entrusted to elected village panchayats and institutions at the higher level and that the rural population are being brought into active and close association with the development process.

Implicit in that process is a fundamental departure from the pre-Independence position, because while earlier experiments in that direction were largely on a limited scale and not comprehensive in scope, now rural development is being accomplished on a massive scale with the integrated development of the rural community as its main objective. The effect of this departure from traditional methods and techniques is bound to be far-reaching and also unquestionably beneficial, because in the process a marriage is being brought about between traditionalism and modernism through the medium of technological knowledge. *Panchayati raj* has come to stay and if the timetable for its country-wide extension by the end of this year is going to be extended by another year or so, that is only a consequence of the current national emergency.

Because of wide differences in the demographic, geographic, and topographic conditions in different parts of India, the pace of extension of *panchayati raj* or the extent of the impact it has made on the economic, social, and community life of the rural areas has not been uniform. Variations also exist in respect of the powers and responsibilities that are devolved on the village *panchayats* and the other two higher tiers of the *panchayati raj* structure at the taluka or block and the dis-

trict levels. In States in which education in the rural areas has made considerable progress, as also in States where the rural population have a long tradition of local self-government, and again in areas in which the agricultural population have a long background of experience in agricultural practices and methods because they have the benefit of irrigation facilities that accrues to farmers living in river-basin areas, the principles and objectives of community development through elective local-government institutions are more wide-spread than in others.

Experience of the operation of the scheme in Rajasthan and Andhra Pradesh, where it was first introduced, testifies to the close interrelationship between the efficiency of the institutional set-up and the physical progress of schemes for rural development and the economic and social changes produced. But the really effective factor in achieving progress are the people themselves and their attitude towards development and towards the changes in their way of life that *panchayati-raj* programmes are designed to bring about. In broad terms, it means that the success of the scheme is related to the enthusiasm and the drive with which those manning the decentralized local-government institutions like *panchayats,* co-operatives, and schools function and the extent to which they are able to mobilize the people's enthusiasm and energies for the tasks that result in progress or conditions conducive to such progress. In the two States referred to investigating and study teams have testified that, subject to variations in local conditions, the community-development programmes are making steady progress and the community-development ideal striking strong roots, with *panchayati-raj* institutions at the village and higher levels contributing to the harnessing of the creative energies of the rural population to increase agricultural production, and inducing them to take advantage of the facilities for primary education and for gainful employment in village industries and crafts and so on.

At present *panchayati-raj* institutions are being utilized as the primary institutions for stimulating interest in the farming community in scientific and improved techniques and methods of farming so that agricultural production can be increased through knowledge of such methods. Just now this answers an imperative national need for attaining self-sufficiency in food and for making agriculture a remunerative occupation for the eighty per cent of the rural population engaged in it. Knowledge and understanding of improved techniques and of the ingredients of effective land-utilization inevitably lead to an enlargement of the mental horizon of the farmers and engender a desire for self-improvement among the most important and most numerous section of

the rural community. This paves the way for the augmentation of opportunities for employment and economic amelioration and a host of other changes in rural life.

When vast funds are being pumped into agricultural and economic development schemes for utilization by *panchayati-raj* institutions, the prospects of both schemes and funds being utilized not so much for ameliorating the conditions of the economically and socially weak sections of the rural population but for the benefit of the few hierarchically higher and privileged persons cannot be ignored. This in fact seems to have been happening in many areas, which indicates one of the serious handicaps under which *panchayati-raj* programmes have to be executed, namely, that the social changes and the objective of ensuring social justice, which is one of the principal aims of the scheme, may not materialize as quickly as desired. Adequate and effective safeguards to prevent this undesirable trend from persisting are essential and have to be provided through reforms in the structure of village-government institutions and more especially through the provision of the widest possible opportunities for primary and adult education, the effective implementation of the programmes for increasing employment and greater supervision over the activities of village *panchayats* by higher bodies like *panchayat-samitis* and *zilla parishads*. Of all these, however, the most significant safeguard is and can be the widest possible education of the rural population in the basic philosophy and ideals of *panchayati-raj* and that the scheme implies the restoration to the village population the right to formulate and design schemes for their own progress and welfare.

Though in the near future the beneficence and success of the *panchayati-raj* scheme are evaluated by its achievement in organizing the agricultural industry for increasing production by affording all possible facilities and incentives to the cultivator, in the long run they will have to be evaluated on the basis of the changes in the outlook and attitude of village communities, invariably tied down to traditional and customary practices and ways of life and prone to acquiesce in the sanctity of the social stratification represented by higher and lower castes and so on. Economic and social progress are closely interlinked in the history of human communities anywhere and India is not likely to be an exception despite the fact that our people are in social matters more tradition-bound than many others. But even in this country some decades of efforts to eliminate untouchability and to raise the Harijan community and twelve years of the community-development movement, for instance,

have not been fruitless in engendering among the members of that community a consciousness of social equality and an awareness of their rights as citizens of a free country which did not exist previously. A number of schemes under *panchayati raj* such as rural housing, the rural works programmes, distribution of uncultivated village lands among the landless, co-operative farming, and others are all intended to promote economic progress and simultaneously reduce the social barriers between the erstwhile high and low castes, the erstwhile rich and poor, the big and small landholders and the landless workers. We may be still far away from what may be truthfully described as social equality, but there is no doubt that the principles and practice of social justice are gaining ground in the rural areas. The special representation provided for the scheduled castes and backward classes and women in *panchayati-raj* institutions in various States and the increasing orientation of programmes to the objective of ameliorating the conditions of the weaker sections are further answers to the social challenges emanating from the democratic concept implicit in the *panchayati-raj* scheme.

It is an important precondition of the success of *panchayati-raj* that it should produce competent and wise local leadership, and that this leadership should take charge of local institutions like *panchayats*, co-operatives, youth associations, and other activities for the economic progress of the rural areas. To this end a number of persons holding elected positions as *panchayat* members, directors of village co-operatives, and youth leaders are receiving orientation training and instruction. If this section of the rural population is imbued with a correct understanding and appreciation of the philosophy and objectives of the community-development movement, and use them in their interpretation of their duties and responsibilities as village leaders, it would be a happy consummation indeed. The current movement to establish corps of a village volunteer force in all villages and to link up this movement with the programme to increase production, to promote mass education, and to organize the village population for village defence in an emergency is potentially a highly significant one in this context; for it demands that the best elements in the village work co-operatively to strengthen the foundations of the total economic and social well-being of their respective villages.

It is being increasingly realized that the bane of the *panchayati-raj* scheme can be—in fact it is now in many States—in the interplay of political factionism on the one hand and the influence of caste and sectional factors on the other in the working of *panchayati-raj* institutions at

different levels. The realization is also leading to consideration of steps by which this factionism can be removed. There can be healthy politics in *panchayats* but not bad politics, said Shri S. K. Dey, Union Minister of Community Development and Panchayati Raj, once; and by bad politics he obviously meant party politics or political partisanship in the implementation of the development programmes. As village voters acquire more experience in managing their affairs we can expect them to exercise their franchise in elections to *panchayats* in such a manner as to cut across the party and caste groupings of candidates, if they choose to flaunt them. For the present the evil has to be tolerated.

To conclude: it will not be altogether correct at this stage to assert that *panchayati raj* has already produced a revolution in rural India though it has set in motion forces which, if they prosper, can produce a revolution. There is a continuous, country-wide discussion going on on *panchayati-raj* problems and continuous thinking at different levels on how the drawbacks and deficiencies in the scheme can be removed. It bears repetition that of immense significance to the achievement of the revolution is the scheme for compulsory primary education for children of from six to eleven years, by the end of the third Plan. When that target is achieved it should be a conspicuous factor in accelerating the march of the rural revolution. The end of the fifth five-year Plan might conceivably synchronize with the attainment of the "take-off stage" in rural India.

Shri S. K. Dey, writing some time ago on the significance of the *panchayati-raj* scheme as an instrument for evoking people's direct participation in rural development, said: "For years we struggled to get the people to accept the community-development programme as their own. We failed. The moment *panchayati raj* came, people plunged headlong into the movement despite variations in their leadership." The moral he drew was that, cost what it may, people must have the opportunity to lift the burden themselves. "We [the Government] may watch and guide, as we do with a budding child. Let us give the child back to the mother. The child will then have natural growth which will endure." *Panchayati raj* is a massive experiment in training the people in all that democracy implies as a political and moral and human system. When this democracy at the village level becomes a success, Indian democracy at all levels will be the obvious beneficiary. In any event, it will set rural progress moving like a giant refreshed.

C. V. H. Rao

THE POETRY OF RUPERT BROOKE

[A CONTRIBUTOR familiar in our pages, **Mr. Herbert Bluen,** writes of Rupert Brooke, whose poetry today gives back to us the poet, young and vibrant with the wonder of feeling, maturing towards the fullness of a great promise.—ED.]

IN RECENT YEARS there has been a tendency amongst some critics to cast doubt upon the merits of Rupert Brooke's poetry, which is admittedly of uneven quality, some of his finest work being not without blemish. He is, in fact, a less meticulous craftsman than his contemporary, James Elory Flecker, whose exotic style was nevertheless sometimes in danger of lapsing into preciousness. Unlike much modern poetry which has more "head" than "heart," Brooke's poetry has a strong emotional appeal and most of it is immediately intelligible. This is perhaps one of the reasons why he still survives the strictures of modern literary pundits and is read appreciatively by many people who do not usually read poetry at all. Brooke's mind is a questing one. He is constantly seeking an answer to the riddle of life and death and although of course he never succeeds his efforts to do so are illuminating.

Brooke was born at Rugby on 3 August 1888. The son of a housemaster at Rugby School, he was educated there and at King's College, Cambridge. Gay, popular, strikingly handsome, and endowed with a fine intellect, he seemed destined for success in life. In 1911 he published his first volume of poems and during the years 1913-14 he travelled to America and the South Seas. On the outbreak of the First World War he took part in the unsuccessful defence of Antwerp and early in 1915 he was sent to the Mediterranean. He died of septicaemia in a French hospital ship on 23 April the same year and was buried at Scyros.

His *Collected Poems* published in 1918 included the 1914 group of sonnets and show that he was a poet of great promise. His earlier poems are, however, on the whole, the usual adolescent effusions, show few signs of his later unique qualities and have obviously been influenced by Swinburne, Dowson, and Wilde. His thoughts are often best expressed in the sonnet form but technically he allows himself considerable licence; for many of his sonnets are neither strictly Shakespearean nor strictly Petrarchan. He seems to have had a curious premonition of his own early death, which he regards on the whole with the resignation expressed in the first of his 1914 sonnets, entitled "Peace":

And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Dying in war-time in early manhood, Brooke symbolized the deaths of countless other young men dying in similar circumstances. Hostile critics have suggested that it was more for this reason than for his merits as a poet that Brooke became famous, but it is probable that Brooke's poetry would still have been widely read had he survived the War. Unlike many of his youthful contemporaries it seems that Brooke does not regard war as a romantic adventure but is fully conscious of its tragic implications; for in the third of his 1914 sonnets, entitled "The Dead," although himself apparently indifferent to death he mourns the death of other young men whose lives are fated to be cut short:

> These laid the world away; poured out the red
> Sweet wine of youth. . . .

In the fourth 1914 sonnet, also entitled "The Dead," Brooke pursues the same line of thought using homely symbols to create vividness and poignancy. He muses wistfully on the young soldiers who had once

> Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
> Touched flowers and furs and cheeks.

Brooke frequently chooses homely subjects to symbolize his deepest emotions; for his was a temperament which derived much aesthetic pleasure from such things. In his eyes they are "holy" and in several poems he uses that adjective to describe them. In "The Great Lover" for instance, he recalls with moving eloquence that he has loved

> White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
> Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
> Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight. . . .

Preoccupation with death can be a neurosis, but this is not the case with Brooke. His musings on death are those of the philosopher rather than the neurotic and the subject has for him many facets. His sonnet (suggested by some of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research) envisages death as a release from physical limitations and an enrichment of experience in which we shall

> Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
> What this tumultuous body now denies. . . .

Brooke is in fact a romantic who regards life with a sense of wonder and gratitude and for whom the commonplace or the trivial scarcely exists. His fifth 1914 sonnet, entitled "The Soldier," is justly famous. It expresses in noble resonant language a deep love of England and the

hope that that love will somewhere survive as an immortal part of himself should he die. In this as in other poems of Brooke's there is a mystical longing to become one with the timeless and universal:

> And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
> A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
> Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given. . . .

An important characteristic of Brooke's poetry is its memorability. It gains greatly by being read aloud and has a music and vitality all its own. His poetry is indeed easily distinguishable from that of any other poet. Occasionally it is illuminated by the wit which doubtless made him such good company. In, for instance, his poem entitled "Heaven" he conjures up a strange watery paradise to which the souls of fishes pass after death. There are no baited hooks to lure them to their doom and everything is perfect according to the fishy ideal of perfection:

> Fat caterpillars drift around,
> And Paradisal grubs are found. . . .

Brooke's sojourn in the Pacific islands must have created a profound impression upon his romantic nature and several of his poems such as "Waikiki" are vividly evocative of their charm:

> And dark scents whisper; and dim waves creep to me,
> Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch out, and rise;
> And new stars burn into the ancient skies,
> Over the murmurous soft Hawaian sea.

In these lines it seems that we can hear the gentle lapping of the waves on the sea-shore and capture the beauty and fragrance of a Hawaiian night, and we detect in them undercurrents of Flecker and Baudelaire, those two lovers of the exotic. It is interesting to note that in 1906 Brooke presented a friend with a copy of Baudelaire's poems on the flyleaf of which he had written a quotation from Wilde: "One should always be a little improbable." But the poet who influenced him most was Swinburne from whose work he enjoyed reciting long passages. Meanwhile he became attracted to the work of Donne, Marlowe, and Webster and later he wrote a dissertation on "Webster and the Elizabethan Drama" for a Fellowship at King's College, Cambridge.

Most young poets write love poems and often they lack any real merit. This is true to some extent of Brooke's earliest but not of his later love poems. In his poem entitled "Mutability" he stresses the essential loneliness of all human beings, even of lovers:

Poor straws! on the dark flood we catch awhile,
Cling, and are borne into the night apart.

Some of Brooke's poetry is imbued with a cynicism not uncommon in youth, as for instance in "The Funeral of Youth: Threnody." Among Youth's mourners are his old friends Laughter, Folly, Pride, Joy, and Grief, who with other friends gather round the grave while Old Wisdom mumbles the Service for the Dead. The only friend who is absent is Love because Love had died long ago.

His poem entitled "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester," written in 1912 in the Café des Westens, Berlin, is a subtle blend of robust humour and delicate fancy. Like Flecker in his poem entitled "Brumana," Brooke is homesick for England:

Ah God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees.

Sometimes Brooke has moments of mystical revelation as in his delightful poem entitled "Dining-Room Tea," in which he recalls how in the midst of care-free jest and laughter with friends he feels suddenly transported to another dimension and his vision and understanding are miraculously enhanced:

One instant I, an instant, knew
As God knows all.

Such experiences are not uncommon to mystics and are of such an ecstatic nature that it is almost impossible to describe them in commonplace language.

Brooke is a subjective poet and has the strangely attractive egotism of youth. Some of his poems are almost certain of immortality; yet we cannot say that as a poet he has reached his zenith, because we do not know whether his poetic powers would have increased or waned had he been granted a longer life. He will continue to have his detractors, but it is unlikely that they will have much effect, because his voice, with the eloquence of genius, appeals to the deepest emotions of the human heart.

HERBERT BLUEN

OUIDA—DEFENDER OF THE HELPLESS

[WE ARE GLAD to welcome to our pages **Mrs. Joan N. Burnett, L.L.A.** She has written five novels with Scottish settings, and many stories and verses for children. Recently, during two years spent in Rome, she taught English. She has on social matters feelings richly consonant with those of the heroine of this article. She is deeply interested in anything that makes for world peace and was for many years a speaker for the League of Nations Union. She had also what she describes as "ten most happy years" of voluntary work for Old People's Welfare, especially in editing a magazine for them.

In this brief article she describes a little-known and unexpected side of Ouida, the popular Victorian novelist — her fight against vivisection, cruel sports, etc., and on behalf of the Italian peasants. The best side of her own Cecile Castlemaine lived in Ouida.—ED.]

THE VICTORIAN NOVELIST Maria Louise de la Ramée, generally known by her pen-name "Ouida" (this was how, as a child, she pronounced her name, Louise), may at first sight seem a strange subject for the pages of THE ARYAN PATH. But that there was much in her of innate Theosophy both her letters and her actions bear witness, notably the view expressed when writing to a friend, not long before her death at the age of sixty-nine:

> I protest against Christianity arrogating to itself the title of the one only, or even of the best religion. It is only a reproduction of great Oriental myths. . . . There were great and beautiful lives thousands of years before Christianity was known. There will be thousands of such lives long after it has passed away.

Ouida's own life was not based on the principles of any one religion, but, apart from the brilliant imaginative power and vitality which produced her forty-six books, its two main qualities were, undoubtedly, compassion and courage. She felt intensely for the wronged and the suffering, and fought undauntedly on their behalf.

Born on 1 January 1839, in the little country town of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, Ouida came into that early Victorian world where a smug, prosperous, "godly" society managed to shut its eyes blissfully to whatever might threaten its comfort. The young Ouida was no rebel to start with. She had a happy childhood, full of simple pleasures, soon to merge into the exciting career of a popular writer. She was only twenty-two when her first novel was published, meeting with immediate success, and she followed it up to such purpose that she was able, five

years later, to move to the Langham Hotel, London, there to support herself and her adored mother and grandmother in the height of luxury.

But even then — even earlier indeed — the gift of true self-knowledge seems to have been hers. "People change as life goes on," she told a friend, not long before she died. "*I* do not. I think I am exactly what I was when very young, in opinions and character." As her "opinions" were, in essence, wisdom, and as the urge to right wrongs and help the helpless formed the core of her character (however extravagant her outward personality seemed to many), one can only conclude that this "unique flamboyant lady," as Max Beerbohm called her, was already a mature soul when she came to birth in the nineteenth century.

At that time it was Italy, divided and held down by Austria, fighting for freedom under Garibaldi's leadership, that made the supreme appeal to all finer spirits. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poetess, was one such; Ouida, the fashionable novelist, was another. For from 1871 until she died in 1908 Ouida made her home, first in Florence, then in or near Bagni di Lucca, irresistibly drawn by the beauty of "the land of lands," which she describes over and over in such prose as might more justly be called eloquent poetry.

But her eyes were open to other abuses than those committed by the Austrian government. Lovely as Italy might be, there was great poverty and misery among its peasants, much "petty bureaucracy," injustice, cruel taxation, and legal severities. With her book, *A Village Commune,* Ouida stood forth as the peasants' champion — a courageous book which won warm praise from Ruskin in England and brought her admiration "from all over Europe and America." But by the bureaucrats themselves it was violently resented. Ouida was fired on as she drove in her carriage.

Later, she followed this book with *The Orchard,* a tale of peasant suffering, and *Trottolino,* in which she wrote against conscription. Naturally, these were very different works from her exotic society novels, but the fame gained by the latter added weight to her words. They were the direct expression of her pity for the downtrodden, of her burning love of justice and freedom. As for threats to her life in consequence, Ouida was not only too high-spirited to heed them; she was also utterly un-self-regarding when any cause lay close to her heart. Her sole reaction to the shooting was indignation that her carriage-horses' nerves had been given such a shock! A biting comment of hers on self-concern is recorded anent the popular Christian hymn, "Rock of Ages":

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for ME," sighs the Christian; and this "immense ME," is, as Emerson has said of it, the centre of the universe in the belief

of the unconscious egoist.

The mention of her horses sounds the keynote of what is, perhaps even more than her concern for the peasants, a dominant feeling in her life — her deep love and compassion for animals. In a journal which strives ceaselessly, as THE ARYAN PATH does, to promote such an attitude, Ouida merits at least a passing remembrance for this above all.

"Animals being so entirely in our power, all unkind use of our strength over them is mean and unworthy." So, simply and directly, she once wrote to the small grandson of the former Grand Chamberlain to the Duke of Tuscany. In a Catholic country she had much need to say it,[1] for the orthodox Catholic attitude to the animal creation was shameful — as, alas! it still is. If Ouida was horrified when the Pope of that day disapproved the formation of a society to prevent cruelty to animals, "as this would be founded on a theological error, 'to wit, that Christians owe any duty to animals,'" the present writer was equally aghast to read lately — and in a Franciscan journal at that! — that, as animals

> were created for the use of man . . . they do not have any "rights." Their use in medical experiments is not forbidden at all by the moral law. Such authorized medical use is of great value to human beings, and although some pain is no doubt experienced by the brutes, still their pain is not the same as ours. . . . The anti-vivisectionists have maintained a powerful propaganda machine, but they are promoting a sentimental notion. (*The Companion of St. Francis and St. Anthony,* February 1962)

How Ouida's blood would have boiled had she read this! With what scathing winged words would she have refuted it, if only for the honour of the Saint who thought his "little sisters," the birds, had the "right" to hear the Gospel preached to them!

In her novel *Toxin,* published in 1895, Ouida used one of the characters, an English surgeon, to express her views on vaccination and vivisection. It contains, too, this remarkable prophecy (now in process of fulfilment): "The time is at hand when there will be no priests and kings but those of science, and beneath their feet the nations will grovel in terror and writhe in death."

When asked as a child if she felt the need to do something for her fellow creatures, Ouida's answer was, "for my fellow *animal* creatures, yes." She never ceased to feel this need, and we might almost say that

[1] Ouida was a Founder Member of the Italian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

she died a martyr to her convictions; for it was her refusal to accept the Italian muzzling order for her beloved dogs that excluded her from towns in her old age and condemned her to a bleak life in a mountain village between Viareggio and Lucca. On her way thither she and her dogs were obliged to pass a night in a stationary cab, and the cold sea-mists so inflamed her right eye that glaucoma and consequent blindness followed. In distressed circumstances now, in three small rooms, she gave the best of her food to her pets and continued to exercise them (still unmuzzled!) in the kitchen garden till she succumbed to pneumonia on 25 January 1908.

Yes, Ouida had the courage of those who care deeply for the helpless, who fight for minorities. Tortured birds and ill-treated anmals, no less than the oppressed Italian peasantry, found a friend and champion in the brilliant novelist who delighted the society of her day, though the compassionate woman she essentially was merely won from that society the epithet "eccentric."

At the time of the Jubilee Ouida seized the opportunity to attack Queen Victoria herself, saying:

> . . . she had appeared in a picture of Landseer's with gralloched stags at her feet, that she allowed her children to play with wild ducks that had just been shot . . . she replaced the royal dogs when they were old.

On another occasion, when German officers rode from Berlin to Vienna and back, she protested, in a furious public letter entitled "Decorated Butchers," against the praise of Emperors being given to any man "who has ridden his charger to death."

She also fought for the preservation of birds and wrote feelingly of one of the commonest in Italy, the quail — "to almost everybody only a little juicy morsel." If she admired Turgeniev for having "the vision to see in it the courage of devotion, the heroism of maternity, the loveliness of its life, the infinite pathos of its death," Ouida was no whit behind him herself, and St. Francis might have echoed these words, though the Catholic journal issued in his name in this present year of grace would dismiss all three as "sentimentalists."

She went even further: she cared for living Nature, who is perhaps man's supreme victim today, in accordance (though she may not have known it) with the Theosophical avowal of the unity of all created things. When the owner of the Tuscan villa she occupied insisted that she clip the laurel hedges round her garden, Ouida replied, "How would the Marchese like to have his own arms and legs lopped off?" — a

rather exaggerated viewpoint, one admits, but exaggeration on the right side, surely.

Ouida's novels are long out of print. The general public knows nothing of her nowadays, save those who may have read the excellent biography by Monica Stirling, *The Fine and the Wicked*, subtitled "The Life and Times of Ouida," from which these notes are gleaned. The Fine and the Wicked were the characters she wrote of in her colourful, poetical prose, but they may stand, too, for those who are in our own midst today, the wealthy patrons of blood-sports, the racehorse-owners at the savage Grand National, the scientists experimenting on animals in their laboratories, the fur-traders and whalers, the farmers and agriculturists, who outrage animals and fowls and the very soil itself, with all the growing things upon it, through unnatural practices and the use of vile chemicals.

Ouida's pen would have scarified all these, but she lies asleep at Bagni di Lucca, where a marble tomb in the Protestant Cemetery shows her effigy with a little dog at her feet. She is better remembered in her native Bury St. Edmunds, where a drinking-fountain for dogs and horses bears these words, composed by Lord Curzon: "Here may God's creatures whom she loved assuage her tender soul as they drink."

She will be remembered best of all if we make her convictions our own, or if, holding them already, we act on them more determinedly, so that the rights of "God's creatures" may be upheld even today in the darkness of Kali Yuga. Woman of the world, society novelist, her inner self was in the true line of descent. Neither the Buddha nor great Ashoka, we may believe, would repudiate their humble co-worker Ouida.

JOAN N. BURNETT

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
    I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching
    Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
    Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

—EMILY DICKINSON

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

RAJAJI ON INDIAN CULTURE*

IN THIS SMALL BOOK are reproduced three lectures given by Rajaji to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. In his own characteristic, simple language, with which he disguises his erudition, Rajaji has drawn a skilful outline of some of the main features of Indian culture and its expressions in modern life.

The first lecture deals with culture in general, and provides a survey of what is and what is not culture. Culture is described as "the sum-total of the way of living built up by groups of human beings and transmitted from one generation to another" (p. 9). While culture deals with external things, such as behaviour and way of living, character deals with "the inside of a man." But character and culture grow together, like the fruit and its peel. "Culture would be hypocrisy if the inner character does not correspond to it" (p. 16). Culture and government are the two instruments of civilization which curb over-indulgence. Therefore one of the main forms of culture is self-restraint in expression. And culture may be defined as "the habit of successful self-control" (p. 15).

The second lecture is entitled "Family and Community." Here Rajaji shows how Indian culture, through the caste system, the joint family, and the *dharma* of the nation, maintained order even during long periods when there was no effective government. "There was at all levels something that held people together in good behaviour — the *kula dharma,* the *jaati dharma* and *Bhaarata dharma*" (p. 36). This functioning of culture as a government is not proved by written records. By its very nature the fact was unrecorded:

> The family and the caste were both unquestioned facts, and carried on their functions without noise and restrained and maintained national life even as physical laws governed individual life. (p. 36)

As a corollary of the unquestioned fact of the sense of caste, Rajaji points to its great strength as an extension of duty beyond the family to "all those who 'belong' to one, as being in his group of potential relatives" (p. 29). Rajaji claims that the modern condemnation of "nepotism," "parochialism," and "provincialism" overlooks "the natural laws of propinquity and of emotions" (p. 34). We should be pleased when a man shares his prosperity and opportunities with others in his community, going beyond individualism and the neglect of "family" responsibility; instead, we blame him for not extending his help to a still wider circle. This startling assertion, although admissible as true, is dangerous in that it may so easily be misused, in spite of Rajaji's clear statement that this principle should be "disentangled from the need for purity in public administration and restricted to personal assistance and private sacrifice" (p. 30).

Rajaji points out that India has, in this principle of caste, a natural force, already existing, that should be harnessed to establishing an effective kind of decentralized socialism. This, he asserts, would be more effective than the present attempt to enforce obligations on the individual in respect of the entire nation. It was out of the principle of caste, he says, that Gandhi's conception of the trusteeship form of socialism

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* *Our Culture.* By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 51 pp. 1963. Re. 1.50)

was evolved.

Rajaji does not go into the question of how to introduce such decentralized socialism and at the same time avoid the established evils of the caste system. Everywhere in the world today, not only in India, the need is manifest to break down the dividing walls of community, group, and nation. Yet divisions must exist; they cannot be eliminated. Rajaji has failed to point out that it is Indian culture which holds the key to this problem. For the key is the principle of unity in diversity.

This leads us to Rajaji's third lecture, "The Influence of Theology and Philosophy." He points out that Advaita Vedanta never had any significant influence on the Indian way of life. "Its philosophy and its deep truth are far too far removed from the illusions that are the reality of our daily lives" (p. 39). This is an unfortunate statement. Following the galaxy of teachers who appeared in the late nineteenth century and early twentieth, there is today no excuse for clinging to the half-truth that *māyā* means illusion and that the Vedantic teaching of spiritual oneness has no practical application in daily life. Spiritual oneness is the basis of the principle of unity in diversity. It makes provision for caste, community, group, or nation, and at the same time places these divisions in the wider setting of wholeness. That which exists is One; but the One has manifold expressions.

The weakness of India has been that this simple philosophy was never allowed to flower in daily life or in social practice. Its partial manifestations abound, and each one is a pillar of strength in the national structure. But the time has come when, if India is to live, she must boldly grasp the full implications of her philosophy and work them out fearlessly in practice. Rajaji pleads for the continuation of caste as a traditional national force. Although he is eighty-five, it may yet be his task to set in motion the harnessing of the yet more fundamental natural force in Indian culture: the teaching of the Vedic seers. It is the principle of spiritual oneness that alone can provide a firm foundation to all the complexities of daily living, both individual and social, both national and international.

IRENE R. RAY

The Lotus and the Spinning Wheel. By MARIE BEUZEVILLE BYLES. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 259 pp. 1963. 32*s.*)

Miss Byles has not joined in the now fashionable sport of "hunting the guru in India." The motive behind her pilgrimage was one of reverence for two great Indians — one a spiritual genius, a Master of them that know, the other a Mahatma, who trod the path of *Karma Yoga* in service of the downtrodden and showed a conquered people how through self-conquest they might win the only victory which is beyond defeat. Between the teaching of Gautama and that of Gandhi Miss Byles could see no basic contradiction. Each "had given up the making of selves" and each, in his different way, embodied the Dharma. Both have inspired and helped her. It puzzled her, therefore, to find that the followers of Gandhi usually ignored the Buddha, while Buddhists felt superior.

To Miss Byles the difference between the Buddha and the Mahatma lies primarily in the type of *yoga* each practised. Yet she would admit that there are degrees of spiritual genius and most people would agree with her that "Gandhi's teaching cannot lead mankind on the path of spiritual evolution as does the Buddha's." Yet his philosophy of world-affirmation, his preoccupation with the practical problems of life, is not essentially in conflict with a vision which denied the reality of the world of the six senses and concentrated on showing the way by which men and

women may awaken to what they truly are and are not. For though Gandhi, in Miss Byles's words, "merged himself in that which is subject to death, rather than in the Deathless," he, too, sought liberation from the bondage of the world in devoted service to humanity and drew strength for this service from an Inner Light not of this world.

But the appeal of this book lies far less in the contrasts and comparisons which its author makes than in its lively and loving record of a pilgrimage through the land the Buddha trod in the Ganges basin and, later, in her account of her experiences at Gandhi's ashram at Sevagram, despite the fact that she was sick during much of the time she was there. With her description of her journey she interweaves stories of the Buddha's life and teaching drawn from scripture and legend. In retelling some of these she may have taken liberty with the text, particularly in emphasizing the spiritual equality of monks and nuns and devout laymen and lay women. But in this she is only correcting a bias of which the monkish chronicles were often guilty and comes nearer to the Master who taught that it was wrong to regard anyone as superior, inferior, or equal to another, and that the way for all was the same.

On her journey from Delhi to Sevagram she reviews all the main events of Gandhi's life which are themselves eloquent of his teaching.

Altogether this is a most clear-headed and persuasive book, full of colourful human incident and kindly comment and one in which the things of eternity intermingle significantly, as they should, with the things of time.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

[WE print below two reviews of ANNE MARSHALL'S *Hunting the Guru in India.* After Mr. Maxted's review was received, "An Indian Reviewer," having studied the book, was impelled to express a different point of view. The readers will find a comparison of the two instructive.— ED.]

Hunting the Guru in India. By ANNE MARSHALL. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 205 pp. 1963. 25*s.*)

The last lengthy paragraph of its Conclusion mars an otherwise interesting and informative book. The writer, a clinical psychologist with frustrated mystical leanings, describes her two-year search in India for a reliable Teacher. Among those of the recent past she can admire one or two, notably Shri-Ramakrishna, but she is not carried away by any of the living *gurus,* of whom she met a number of the most prominent. Her opinion of these is stated honestly, if sometimes with a naive sense of humour, and in sufficient detail. She makes places like Banaras come to life, as she saw them, and shows a clear awareness of the key place of Hinduism in mankind's struggle to evolve. But that unfortunate last paragraph makes one wonder again if the title is not too flippant for wit.

It leaves us with the unhappy conclusion that the one thing Miss Marshall did not learn from her hunt, the hall-mark of true Hinduism, is the genuine respect for other faiths which has too much all-embracing charity to deplore anything it has not studied well.

India will be more likely to "communicate her secret" to this writer if she opens her heart to accept without harsh judgement all men as God's other children, or better still, with gratitude for their instructive peculiarities, widens her understanding of them, as India has done.

D. S. MAXTED

This is an honest book in which the author narrates her journey through India in search of a Guru. She tells us exactly what she experienced and what she felt at each of the places she visited and does so with no inhibitions and no pretensions, and expresses herself in an unconventional manner. Her attitude is unprejudiced and also sympathetic. She senses behind the psychic India teeming with peculiar phenomena the Soul of India herself. The Foreword alone clearly indicates that Anne Marshall is not antagonistic as the casual reader might surmise, but is a sincere seeker and one humble enough to acknowledge her own limitations.

She writes:

> This book does not provide a heavy meal of Indian metaphysics and mysticism. I leave that to others better qualified than I. It is a mere appetizer which, I hope, will titillate the palate, and if it encourages the reader to look elsewhere for more substantial fare, it will have served its purpose.

And again:

> Miracles may exist, but although there are a few odd happenings, there are no miracles, in these pages. India has no need of them, for she is fascinating enough as she is. Perhaps the real miracle is this: that of all the nations of the world, only India still knows how to nourish the soul. Long may she continue so.

Space does not allow even a brief survey of her varied experiences. By unmasking much that is not truly spiritual and doing so with humour and without malice, the author has rendered valuable service to the genuine searcher. Too many mistake the merely psychic and sensational for the truly spiritual. Spirituality must include enlightened knowledge, purity of heart, virtue, and compassion. By exposing the travesty of the real thing, the author helps the seeker to avoid many a pitfall.

The closing paragraph of the last chapter, "Conclusion," to which Mr. Maxted refers, contains indeed a severe, almost harsh, criticism of Protestant Christianity, but it is an honest one to which no one should take objection, even if they do not accept it. And much of what Anne Marshall says is true: there is a rigid mechanistic outward form of worship which repels the devotee seeking communion with the Divine.

In closing, let me quote from that last paragraph the concluding sentences and invite the reader to go to the book itself:

> And there is about the Indian at worship a kind of fervour that I had not noticed even in the Duomo in Florence. It is as if they are possessed of a secret certainty and joy every day of the week, not just on holy days and Sundays. That is what I had loved about India, that is what so fascinated me, and that is why I want to return again and again, before it is too late, before Western "progress" sweeps the board, if ever it does. I felt that I had been admitted only to the outermost ring, and that if only I could penetrate to an inner circle, wonders I had never dreamed of would be revealed to me. One day perhaps India will communicate her secret to me. A fancy maybe, for do they not tell us that the real *guru* is within?

Do come again, Miss Marshall! The secret of India too is revealed within the heart, for it is there that lies the Real; and there that abide the True *Gurus*, and "when the disciple is ready the Master appears."

AN INDIAN REVIEWER

The Evolution of Theistic Sects in Ancient India. By SUDHAKAR CHATTOPADHYAYA. (Progressive Publishers, Calcutta. xv+205 pp. 1962. Rs. 12.50)

India has been a home of several religions from hoary antiquity. How she provided a congenial soil for the rise of diverse sects and sub-sects, most of them surviving in one form or another, is a problem baffling the lay-

man and the specialist alike. Even on major issues like the Aryan and Dravidian elements of Indian religion, experts hold divergent opinions. The paucity of reliable historical accounts of their religions by the Indians themselves has provided an open door to varied conjectures, mostly prejudiced or chauvinistic. The scholarly material accumulated by Indologists, Western and Indian, is bewilderingly vast, including as it does literature (religious, secular, and technical), inscriptions, coins, icons, terra-cotta figures and foreign accounts. To sift them all, and to piece out the various bits into a coherent picture of history, at once objective and reliable, is quite a difficult task even to an expert. Professor Chattopadhyaya deserves admiration, therefore, for accomplishing this task with mastery and care.

The work falls into three chronological "Sections": (1) Pre-Christian Age, (2) The Age of the Scytho-Kuśānas, and (3) The Age of early Tāntricism up to the advent of Śaṁkara. Under each appears a lucid account, well-documented, of the Śaivas, the Vaiṣṇavas and the Minor Sects (i.e., the Śākta, the Saura, and the Kārtikeya), with their sub-sects, as they developed from time to time. As the historical perspective dominates throughout, there is no room for a detailed consideration of the tenets of these religions. The book is not a mere summary but an able survey revealing the author's judgement in selection as well as presentation, in marshalling evidence and coming to conclusions (e.g., pp. 16, 27). It takes account of even the latest researches and deserves to be regarded as a remarkable contribution to the literature on the subject. Even the production of the book leaves nothing to be desired.

Two misprints are noticed on p. 23. Pāṇini's affixes are to be spelt "*ṭhak*" and "*ṭhañ*," not "*ṭhaka*" and "*ṭhaña*".

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Sufis, Mystics and Yogis of India. By BANKEY BEHARI. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 384 pp. 1962. Rs. 2.00; 3*s.* 6*d.*; 90 cents)

Modern man has become suspicious of religion and is mostly under the influence of political ideology; he has come to regard religion as nothing but an opiate for the masses. Even if he is fortunate enough to develop immunity from political infection he is apt to succumb to some philosophical creeds which do not consider any proposition as meaningful unless it is verified through the senses. Religious and mystic experience can then only have some emotional value. But a reference to the lives of the saints offers a challenge to all forms of one-sidedness, no matter whether it appears in the guise of a philosophical theory or of a political ideology.

Shri Bankey Behari's study of the Sufis, mystics, and yogis of India takes us right into the heart of religious experience. His aim is to turn us to the path of God-realization and to transmit to us the spiritual legacy of our country. The Introduction deals with the essential features of all mysticism, and the sayings of Muslim Sufis, Christian mystics and Hindu seers are copiously quoted. Shri Behari writes about the mystics with sympathy and reverence and the book is distinguished not so much by philosophical acumen or psychological analysis as by sincerity and devotion. It is true that in his treatment of the lives of the saints he freely draws on popular legends without subjecting them to any critical examination. But it should be conceded that anecdotes and legends have more than historical interest in a Saint's life, and are more revealing than the data sifted and confirmed by historical criticism. As it is, Shri Behari's work is interesting and instructive. Written

by one who is himself given to the Path, it has a personal touch. It may be recommended to all students of comparative mysticism.

SYED VAHIDUDDIN

The Culture of South-east Asia: The Heritage of India. By REGINALD LE MAY. (A National Book Trust Book. The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, Delhi. 227 pp. Illustrated. 1962. Rs. 4.50)

In this book the author traces in some detail the cultural relations that existed between India and other countries in what is now known as South-east Asia. To the lay reader, as apart from the professional artist, sculptor, or architect, it is fascinating to know how in the centuries gone by almost every country in this region — Burma, Malaya, Cambodia, Thailand, Java, Bali, and other Indonesian Islands — was bound to India by strong and centuries-old cultural ties, as testified to by the artistic and architectural modes practised in them. In India through the centuries our artistic and architectural expressions had been religiously motivated, and, as archaeological discoveries and other studies have disclosed, these motivations were transferred almost intact to the South-east Asian countries, with the spread of Hindu and Buddhistic religious culture.

Mr. Reginald le May has successfully delineated these influences and woven them into a mosaic, or "a tapestry picture" as he calls it, of a closely interlinked South-east Asian culture. He had selected for study the period A.D. 500 to 1000, which he describes as "the formative period" of this cultural relationship, during which there had been continuous and very fruitful cultural intercourse among these countries and India. In fact, at the end of the period there seems to have been a progressive drying up of the cultural stream and thereafter "no important changes took place to disturb the settled cultural state of these lands."

The future of the cultural developments and evolution of this area cannot be forecast with any degree of certainty. China, one of the two great countries (the other being, of course, India) in the Asian continent, by virtue of both its size and its own centuries-old culture, is now strenuously striving to get a foothold in these countries and to impose on them her own political ideology, in which what is traditionally understood by the term "culture" has but a small place. How long they will be able to withstand the onslaught and what the end will be cannot be foreseen now.

To Indian readers Mr. Reginald le May's book provides an interesting and fascinating background to the long-established cultural relations that have subsisted between their country and the South-east Asian region. And despite other powerful influences that have come to operate recently in this region, we may hope, with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, to whom the book has been dedicated, and who has written a Foreword to it, that "it will help in strengthening the close relations that India has today with these countries."

C. V. H. RAO

The Contribution of Buddhism to World Culture. By SOMA THERA. (24 pp.); *Early Western Buddhists.* Ed. by FRANCIS STORY. (67 pp.); *Attitudes to Life.* By RUTH WALSHE. (26 pp.) (Buddhist Publication Society, Kandy, Ceylon. 1962.)

The Buddhist Publication Society of Ceylon has the laudable object of familiarizing its readers with important

aspects of the teachings of the Buddha. It has brought out more than forty booklets of a fairly high standard, but the latest are somewhat disappointing in quality. *The Contribution of Buddhism to World Culture* by Soma Thera is full of great claims for *his* religion and its contributions, not only in the domain of religion, but in art, architecture, history, drama, ethics, and social organizations. Many of them may be true; but it does sound a little un-Buddhistic to proclaim it in such intemperate language! One remembers the gentle irony of the Master at Sariputta's intemperate praise of him. "Such faith have I, Lord," said Sariputta, "that methinks there never has been nor will be nor is now any other greater or wiser than the Blessed One." "Of course, Sariputta," is the reply, "you have known all the Buddhas of the past, and the present, and the future?" "No, Lord." "Then at least you know me and have penetrated my mind fully?" "Not even that, Lord." "Then, why Sariputta, are your words so grand and bold?"

Early Western Buddhists is a series of extracts selected and presented with appropriate commentary by Francis Story from the articles published in the *Buddhist Review* during 1909-14. The following are some of the articles included, either abridged or in full: "Buddhism and Ethics" by C. A. F. Rhys Davids; "Transmigration in East and West" by Earnest R. Carlos; "Buddhism and Social Problems" by Alexandra David-Neel; and "Buddhism and Science" by E. J. Mills. A brief extract from the last of these articles will give some indication of the high quality of the contents of this pamphlet:

> Nothing is more clear than that evolution is an essential constituent of Buddhism. It is necessarily a part of its doctrine of rebirth and heredity. A qualitative result — character — alone survives death; and this is reborn with a new set of *skandhas,* in accordance with the Karma of that instant. There may be but very little distinction between the old "character" and the new; on the other hand, there may be a very great deal. It is within our power to influence our environment and ourselves very greatly; and it is clear that the next link in the pedigree may be so different, on occasion, as to be to all intents and purposes a new species. But we must not forget the instruction of the Buddha that the new link may, if we so condition it, be worse than before; there is a "way up" as a "way down."

The last pamphlet, by Ruth Walshe, answers the question: What exactly is the Buddhist attitude to life? Simply not to have any attitudes at all; but just to live in the present moment without bringing into play the fears of the past or the hopes of the future. We live far too much by our memories, speculations, and fears and we miss so much of life by reproducing it at second hand in our mind. As the Buddha said to Bahiya:

> In the seeing, Bahiya — there is just the seeing.
> In the hearing, Bahiya — there is just the hearing.
> In the knowing, Bahiya — there is just the knowing.

B. V. Narayana Reddy

God in Every Man. By L. Hugh Doncaster. (Swarthmore Lecture 1963. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. xiv+83 pp. 1963. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Quaker cliché "that of God in every man," one of the sparks thrown off by George Fox in his letters, has become so well known that even chairmen of war-time tribunals for conscientious objectors tended to label as Quaker anyone using it who appeared before them. It is easy to shelter behind the vagueness of the phrase. At least one leading Quaker theologian has

criticized a woolly acceptance of the term with little or no effort to grasp what it means.

Hugh Doncaster, a lecturer at Woodbrooke College, Birmingham, has chosen it as the title of his Swarthmore Lecture because he believes that a study of its meaning and implications will help to throw light on some of the issues which cause tension and disunity in the Society of Friends today. He has succeeded by what I can only call "everyday honesty." It is a true gift to be able to write simply in untheological language about fundamental religious issues.

At least one of the points discussed, the relation of Friends to the non-Christian faiths, goes far wider than the bounds of a single small denomination. Most Christians would agree that God's light is to be seen in the heart of every man and woman, whether or not they know of or have accepted Christianity; but no branch of the Christian church stresses this conception more strongly than the Society of Friends. This is perhaps shown most clearly in the interpretation given to the text "No man cometh to the Father but by me" (John 14.6). Hugh Doncaster puts the Quaker view of its meaning in this way. It is not, he asserts, an exclusion of the unconverted from knowledge of God but an affirmation of the universality of Jesus Christ. His spirit was there even before the historic Jesus; and it is still at work in the hearts of everyone, even of those who have never heard of him. Hugh Doncaster does not refer to modern scientific theories of life elsewhere in the universe, but clearly this view of the Light is universal enough to include even beings on other planets.

It is one of the paradoxes of Quakerism that, in the words of this lecture, "unity of faith is found where faith unites rather than in sharing an outward name"; and yet there is also a particularity about the Quaker faith freely acknowledged by most Christian observers as something distinctively and essentially Christian.

G. W. WHITEMAN

The Essence of Quran. By ACHARYA VINOBA BHAVE (Sarva Seva Sangh Prakashan, Varanasi. xxix+255 pp. 1962. Rs. 4.00).

Many books on the Quran have been written by saints and eminent scholars. Acharya Vinoba Bhave's book *The Essence of Quran* is one of them. It is a compilation of verses selected by Vinoba Bhave from the Quran. The English rendering has been adopted from Mohammad Marmaduke Pickthall's *Glorious Quran*. The selection is meant to put before the world the message of the Quran and to "unite the hearts of men."

The world today is shattered by religious prejudices, hatred, and bitterness. Religious books like *The Essence of Quran* are our only hope of preventing catastrophe. The Quran says:

> Do not exaggerate in your religion nor utter aught concerning Allah save the truth. The Messiah, Jesus, son of Mary, was only a messenger of Allah and His word which he conveyed unto Mary, and a spirit from Him. So believe in Allah and His messengers, and say not "There" — Cease! (it is) better for you! Allah is only One God! (p. 13)

And again

> And lo! this your religion is one religion and I am your Lord, so keep your duty unto Me. (p. 129)

The book is divided into nine parts which are grouped under 30 sections and 90 chapters. Part I is titled "The Book Introduced"; the eight following, "God," "Devotion," "The Devotee and The Unbeliever," "Religious Faith," "Moral Disciplines," "Man and His Nature," "Apostle," and "Initiation in the

Mysteries."

What Vinoba Bhave has done is to take selections from the Quran and arrange them under appropriate headings so that those who cannot read Arabic can still understand the message of the Quran. He has rendered a useful service to humanity.

K. SAJUNLAL

The Tarjumān-al-Quran. Vol. 1. *Sūrat-ul-Fātiha.* By MAWLANA ABUL KALAM AZAD. Edited and rendered into English by SYED ABDUL LATIF. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. xlvii+ 201 pp. 1962. Rs. 15.00)

The study of the Quran, of late, has attracted the attention of scholars all over the world. The above one by Mawlana Abul Kalam Azad deserves special attention.

Mawlana Abul Kalam Azad, a well-known personality, was the editor of *Al-Hilal* and the *Al Balagh,* two weekly journals in Urdu, and above all a great scholar in Islamic studies. He published in Urdu the *Tarjuman al-Quran,* or the interpretation of the Quran, the first volume of which appeared in 1930 and the second in 1936.

The Tarjuman-al-Quran is recognized by all scholars as Mawlana's *magnum opus,* where he attempted to give to the Quranic word the interpretation which it was originally meant to bear, or, as it was understood by the followers of the Prophet in his own lifetime. His original plan was to prepare side by side two companion volumes to this great work, one entitled *Tafsir-al-Bayan,* a detailed commentary on the Quran; the other entitled *Muqaddima,* to serve as prolegomena to *The Tarjuman-al-Quran.* It is unfortunate that owing to circumstances beyond his control he could not take up this project. However, he introduced new elements into its commentary on the opening chapter of the Quran, the *Sūrat-ul-Fātiha,* otherwise styled the *Fatihat-ul-Kitab.*

Dr. S. A. Latif deserves our sincere congratulations for his able translation of the *Sūrat-ul-Fātiha* into English.

K. SAJUNLAL

Culture and General Education: A Survey. By W. KENNETH RICHMOND. (Methuen and Company, Ltd., London. 184 pp. 1963. 21*s.*)

"What is Culture?" ask the philosopher, the politician, and the educator. And, like Bacon's "jesting Pilate," they will not stay for an answer. But Mr. Kenneth Richmond thinks there is an answer, and his investigations into and discussion of the question have resulted in this remarkable book. Not for him the question-begging definition: "intellectual development"; as the Senior Lecturer in Education at Glasgow University, he has to dig deeper, even to consider the present age of the Pop Singer in relation to taste, standards of value, and allied aspects of his subject. His purpose is not only to find a satisfactory definition but also to measure culture by empirical tests.

He is frank enough to admit at the start that "the results derived from any culture-test will depend upon the assumptions built into the test itself." Further, he sets out to consider culture "only in its original sense — academic or minority culture. . . ." To that extent, his book may be criticized as inadequate. Culture in this sense may be equated with knowledge rather than comprehension and good taste. Nor does the book show clearly enough how the possession of mere knowledge of many subjects — the arts; physics; literature; books; personalities; scientific terminology and the rest — has directed

young students towards the good life, or indeed, along any path specifically selected.

Background reading for this book should include Matthew Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy* (1869) and T. S. Eliot's *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* (1949); for a sustained general discussion of the theme is important before the reader studies Mr. Richmond's rapid introduction to the principal chapters of his book which present interesting data on the cultural attainments at 0 Level, G.C.E. Stage; on the attainments of final-year Honours undergraduates studying physics; and of two post-graduate research students. There follow the results of the author's empirical approach to his theme in the chapter "A Measure of Culture," and its companion, "The Tests," wherein the reader himself is invited to sample the "Two Cultures Test." Answers will be found to these tests at the end, after a valuable chapter on "Culture and the Teacher."

This is an absorbingly interesting book; it deserves close study and discussion in the world of education. Nothing comparable with it has been published since I. A. Richards's salutary "study of literary judgement" which he called *Practical Criticism* (1929).

F. SEYMOUR SMITH

On Aristotle and Greek Tragedy. By JOHN JONES. (Chatto and Windus, London. 284 pp. 1962. 25*s*.)

In the last half century, and notably under the influence of Gilbert Murray, there has been a growing tendency to treat the Greeks as our contemporaries. Nowhere is this more evident than in the sphere of drama. In the effort to bring the Greeks to a Greekless public all sense of distance is lost. The hope, of course, is to save the classics by popularizing them, but the result may be the reverse. If all the ancient Greek has to offer us is a few more contemporary dramatists, why bother about it?

The spirit that animates Mr. Jones's able and sophisticated book is his sense of the immense distance that separates us from the Greeks, their near-inaccessibility. The masked and ritual drama of ancient Greece is not our drama, nor is the view of the world it enshrines our view. He begins, therefore, with the *Poetics* of Aristotle and explains how the conception of the tragic hero has been foisted on to that text in all good faith by commentators whose idea of the nature of tragedy is post-renaissance. Aristotle expressly declares that tragedy is concerned with an action (*praxis*) and with persons only incidentally as the necessary bearers of the *action*. It is in a better understanding of what is meant by the *action* that we must seek the nature of the solution of the problem of suffering, the *katharsis* at which tragedy aims.

This understanding can only be arrived at by a close analysis of the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, especially in those aspects of them which are subtly disturbing to the modern mind, and which we tend to dismiss or gloss over in our translations and commentaries. By his analysis Mr. Jones brings us within reach of a world-view very different from ours and all the more instructive for that. True, this world-view, as it touches the problem of personality, shows an evolution towards our own. The world of Aeschylus may be called a public world, that of Sophocles a private world, that of Euripides an inward world, but at the end of the evolution we are still a long way from modern drama.

I have called Mr. Jones a sophisticated writer. I meant it in a complimentary sense. But I should add that his style is over-sophisticated. Some of his formulations are excellent, but the style in general is difficult and it is an irritating mannerism to break up so

many of his sentences with parentheses. By the end of the parenthesis the reader has forgotten the beginning of the sentence, and the content of the parenthesis could perfectly well stand in a sentence by itself in a better constructed paragraph.

B. FARRINGTON

T. S. Eliot's Dramatic Theory and Practice: From Sweeney Agonistes *to* The Elder Statesman. By CAROL H. SMITH. (Princeton University Press, New Jersey. Oxford University Press, London. ix+251 pp. 1963. 35*s*.)

Unlike much Oriental religion, the Judeo-Christian confession sees history as moving from and to a definite spiritual goal. This has somehow to be reconciled with the fact that modern civilization is passing through a major interior crisis. The self-imposed task of a poet who seeks to speak to and for his own age, as Dante did to his, is one of almost insuperable difficulty. Contemporary forms must be used for the sake of communication with contemporaries. But in the process they must be wrested from what are seen as materialistic distortions by being recast in the authentic spiritual-artistic tradition.

The drama of T. S. Eliot is the crucial attempt in our time to accomplish this Herculean task. In any lesser context it is impossible to understand his aim, to appreciate the enormous difficulties in his way, or to assess the measure of his success. That is why so much journalistic and academic discussion of Eliot issues in exasperation and the wrong sort of mystification. This thorough and lucid book by an American scholar at least gets the basic issue into clear focus and keeps it there.

We see Eliot looking back — with Frazer and others — to the presumed origins of drama in religious fertility rites. We see him employing as models the religio-mythical Greek classical dramas. We see him adapting to his own spiritual ends the multi-level popular drama of Shakespeare's theatre. We see him subduing his own poetic eloquence to the conversational modes of today and employing the outward forms of the modern conventional theatre. And all at once! That artistic unity could be compounded of such diverse elements would seem impossible to anyone who does not believe, as Eliot does, that the Christian vision unifies the entire tradition of Western civilization.

Even with such belief it is not to be expected, in the conditions of our time, that the tremendous effort could altogether succeed. The different levels have tended to conflict and Miss Smith's judgement on the last effort to reconcile them, *The Elder Statesman*, is that "Eliot has lost the best of both theatres" — the intellectual and the naturalistic. However that may be, Mr. Eliot's partial failures are a great deal more important than most other playwrights' successes. The merit of this book is that it helps to make that plain.

ROY WALKER

The Insecure Offenders: Rebellious Youth in the Welfare State. By T. R. FYVEL. (Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middlesex. In association with Chatto and Windus. 265 pp. 1963. 5*s*.)

The readers of *Deadwood Dick* in the early years of the century, the idle corner-boys of the years of depression, the teddy boys of the fifties have all in turn drawn upon themselves odium and criticism. The critics may have been working off a good deal of their own guilt, whether they know it or not; for

these recurrent phenomena of dissatisfied youth, with their menace to respectability and good order, are a product of the society in which they live but which was created by their critical elders. T. R. Fyvel examines the modern outlaws and rightly calls them the "insecure offenders," for insecurity and uncertainty are the factors common to them all, and these arise from boredom with a social order which cannot provide a purpose, a challenge, or any inward satisfaction.

The author went amongst youths in their East London haunts, in their schools and clubs, and he established with them a sympathetic understanding because he did not preach or condemn, and so he constituted no menace to their way of life. He found that, within their own culture, most of the young people were decent and tolerant but they stayed within their own circle as a source of strength against "them" — "them" being the respectable, orderly, organized elements of society. Fyvel examines the supposedly normal society and his book is a much greater condemnation of modern civilization than of the tough young offenders who are its products or its victims. The factory jobs, impersonal employers, mass entertainments, pop singers, and the pressure of salesmanship on the affluent teenagers, encouraging them all to buy the same things and to diminish their individuality, these are the influences which make the less effective members feel out of things, insecure, and defensive in a way which can soon turn to aggression.

The same society, despite its affluence, will not spend enough on education and social services, so that these in turn become despised (youths on probation may have higher incomes than their probation officers, and they know it). The book is not an indictment of the offenders, but of the values of modern society. It is a plea for more education, but not merely education for competitive purposes. The author praises the educational attainment of Soviet Russia but realizes that its intensity provides its own brand of boredom. His plea is for imaginative developments in education to create individuals who can adapt themselves to a rapidly changing society — and enjoy it.

FRANK DAWTRY

Edward Bellamy Abroad: An American Prophet's Influence. By SYLVIA E. BOWMAN, *et al.* (Twayne Publishers, New York. 543 pp. 1962. $7.50.)

Edward Bellamy (1850-98), the Utopian thinker of America, is today remembered mainly as the author of the widely popular book, *Looking Backward* (1888), which has been described by John Dewey as "one of the greatest modern syntheses of humane values." Others before Bellamy — notably Hawthorne, Hale, and Mark Twain — had also essayed Utopias, but none of them brought to the task the knowledge, the intellectual resourcefulness and the sense of passionate commitment that obviously went into the making of *Looking Backward.*

To Bellamy, as to Cabet, economic inequality was the source of most ills, and it seemed to him that only the abolition of private ownership could ensure economic equality for the people. It seemed to him therefore logical that State ownership should take the place of free enterprise. The other side of the medal — that Statism must in its turn give rise to other forms of inequality and exploitation without quite eliminating the evils of free enterprise — was not then visible, and so Bellamy conveniently ignored it. Since Bellamy's time, free enterprise (even in America) has been shedding some of its more undesirable features and Statism (as experimented upon in some countries) has been revealing more and more its

uglier features. But Bellamy was an audacious thinker, and it is not surprising that his fame should have travelled fast and that his ideas should have found congenial soil in the countries of the West and the East.

Sylvia Bowman has now brought together a series of contributions assessing the extent and nature of Bellamy's global influence. One part of the story is that the rosy dawn of Socialistic thought has led to the concept of the Welfare State within a democratic framework. Another part of the story is that the dawn has proved a false hope and has really led vast masses of men into the nightmarish darkness of Communism. The various contributions, although packed with detail, are necessarily unequal in quality. One thing, however, clearly emerges from this co-operative adventure in research into the diverse national reactions to Bellamy's book: what *Walden* did to place an ideal of happiness before the individual, *Looking Backward* did in the wider context of the community, the nation. The ideal cannot easily be realized, but it will continue to move the minds and hearts of men.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

To Light a Candle. By Welthy Fisher. (Peter Davies, London. 279 pp. Illustrated. 1963. 25*s.*)

This must surely be one of the last examples of Christian Missionary Autobiography of what could be called the Imperialist era. Welthy Fisher is now over eighty; so she well remembers the China of before Sun Yat Sen, and the India of before Independence. Yet she was no imperialist herself, but brought to the stuffy superiority of her missionary colleagues a much-needed bit of candour and open-mindedness. An attitude that soon began to pay dividends in the institution she built up in China.

This was the Baldwin Girls School at Nanchang which she expanded in her ten years there from a primary school of 45 pupils to a High School of 120 pupils. She experienced the old China of the Empress and the Boxers, and the new China of Sun Yat Sen. Unlike many others she left before she had outstayed her welcome, in fact to serve in Europe in the first World War.

The second part of the life covered in this autobiography was spent mostly in America, up to and including her marriage to Fred Fisher, Bishop of Calcutta; a broad-minded man, a great friend of India, and a close associate of Gandhi, Tagore, and C. F. Andrews.

The third and final part of the story deals with the work for which she is best known, the literary village near Lucknow.

An American, descended from Puritan stock of which any American would be proud, Welthy Fisher was blessed with a secure background, a tough constitution, a keen business sense, and a very independent mind. She sallied forth into the world with the sort of bustling do-goodism for which Americans are renowned.

She has done good; no doubt about that. She built up and left a large educational institution in China, and she has done the same with Saksharata Niketan in India. From the latter well over five thousand teachers (it says four thousand on the jacket and five inside) have dispersed all over rural India trying to cope with, and at the same time encourage, the rising demand for literacy at the lowest levels.

Now, from the offices of World Education in New York, she still carries on the work. A very good effort, and a very readable book.

V. G. Worthington

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16 Modern Marathi Short Stories. (Kutub Popular. 236 pp. 1961. Rs. 6.00)

The book is a variegated conglomeration of stories. "The Mystery" has the quality of a dream, and that, too, a daydream. Gangadhar Gadgil's "The Dog That Ran in Circles" tells about a dog that is injured and starts running in circles. Its condition symbolizes the predicament of man in this crazy world. Helpless, people only stop and stare, but know that one thing is certain — death. The moving finger writes and having writ moves on. The story is simple but sublime.

"The Death of a Madam" is about a woman who takes to prostitution. The author seems to say that escapists from life can deceive themselves, but not for long. "The Fugitive" is about a man who has a litter of children but cannot feed them. "The Devil" deals with the problem of unemployment. "Planning a Feast" suggests what evils can sprout out of a hungry stomach.

"A Ghost is Born" portrays how people begin to believe in the existence of ghosts. It is full of humour and is racy in style. "Do Write a Story on Me" tells how, with some people, love is only a fleeting fancy; and, the days of early youth gone by, they forget their pre-marital infatuations. "Just a Story" is about a working spinster who prefers any company to the drabness of her life. Somehow I could not discover the point of the story. "One Good Turn" gives us a glimpse that one may burn one's fingers while trying to do a good turn. "The First Sprout" is a good portrayal of the psychology of girls in the early teens.

The book is welcome as it brings to the general reader specimens of Marathi literature. Some of the stories are really good. The get-up of the book also deserves some praise. Only the printer's devils mar the beauty.

R. MOHAN RAI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** pays tribute to the memory of the late Edith Piaf and Jean Cocteau.—ED.

FRANCE has been deprived — it was on October 11 — of two remarkable figures: one, a woman known as "sparrow," for her singing was called "the cry of the Paris poor," and the other a man, the *enfant terrible* of French literature. When Jean Cocteau heard that Edith Piaf had died he felt a stab in the heart and said: "Edith Piaf's death has made it hard for me to breathe." He died two hours later.

Both had been ailing for some time. As for Edith Piaf, her whole life was a succession of tragedies. The people of France and of wherever her songs — *"La Vie en Rose"* and others — were sung took her to their hearts. Indeed, she became a symbol of France. One schoolboy wrote only the other day — on a classroom theme — "when she sings, her heart throbs in her throat."

One looked at her, and she was a tiny woman, ill draped and insignificant. How her figure contrasted with her loud, powerful delivery! This is how Cocteau described her:

> Piaf has genius. She is inimitable . . . look at that small person whose hands are those of a lizard in the ruins, Look at her forehead like Napoleon's and those blind eyes which have regained sight.

He was referring to the three years of blindness she suffered in her childhood. Edith Piaf was literally born on the streets of Paris in December 1915. Two passing policemen helped her

mother give birth. She was abandoned by her mother and brought up by her grandmother, who kept a house of prostitution with twenty girls in Normandy.

At three little Edith went blind. In desperation, three years later, her mother took her to the shrine of St. Thérèse de Lisieux and asked for a miracle. Ten days later the child's sight was restored.

When her father, an itinerant street acrobat, Louis Gassion, returned from the war he took her away on his endless tours of provincial fairs, cafés, and vaudeville shows, in which she developed the raucous voice which was to became her trademark.

She made the streets her auditorium; at fourteen she had a child — which died eighteen months later — and then, all of a sudden, the way opened for her. A job in a music hall, encouragement from the stars of the day — Maurice Chevalier and Mistinguette — and a new career was opened to her. Then Jean Cocteau wrote a play for her and she appeared later with Yves Montand in *Etoiles sans Lumières*.

Then her life continued through love affairs, two marriages — the last recently with an unknown Greek singer, Theo Sarapo, almost half her age — through much sickness and little health, to her end, brave and courageous to the last. It would seem that she has left her epitaph in her song: "*Je ne Regrette Rien.*" Its refrain went: "No, I regret nothing. Not the harm which has been done to me, nor the good. It's all the same to me."

Some time ago I saw her at the Olympia, a few days after her illness and her marriage. She came dressed, as always, in black, walking with an uneven step. The crowd knew many criticized her for marrying a youth. To encourage her, as she came in, they chanted: "Bravo, Edith." She came forward, held on to the curtain for support. Then she sang — "I would die," she once said, "if I do not sing" — and she was transformed as her voice rose. Then she let go the curtain, and as she held up her large expressive hands to keep time to the music the crowd gave her their cheers with thundering applause.

Cocteau's career has something of the extravagance, the fantastic and bizarre quality, that served as a signature to his works. He was a prodigy that made good.

At ten he was a poet with the theatre as his love. Ten years later he was reciting poems in public and founding a magazine, *Scheherazade*. From then on he was frequenting international circles and later wrote a book, *The Potomak,* soon to become important to Surrealists. In the twenties he was a spokesman for whatever counted in the arts, commanding a world-wide audience. He wrote enthusiastically about jazz and invented a new style in dramaturgy. Perhaps his contribution to the cinema — as the P.E.N. President of France, Yves Guidon, said — was unique. Today, a hundred metres from where I live, in the Avenue des Ternes, a Cocteau Cinema Festival of Homage is now on. His famous films — *La Belle et la Bête, Orphée, Ruy Blas, L'ternel Retour* — are showing to the endless stream of Cocteau lovers.

One could say a good deal about his many activities — his novels, like *Les Enfants terribles,* and his plays like *La Machine infernale* and *Les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde.*

A few years ago, in 1955, he was elected a member of the Académie and in his acceptance address he reminded the "Immortals" that with his entrance the great poets Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud stepped into the light of official honours.

In recent years he was painting chapel frescoes and, of course, as usual, writing.

Cocteau as critic and creator was the gadfly rather than the *enfant terrible* of French writing. He swung the spot-

light of fame over the whole scene of twentieth-century artistic endeavour: from the acting of Sarah Bernhardt to the writing of Jean Gonêt, from Russian to modern paintings and films. All that was exciting and new, all that was noble and undying in the classics, fascinated him. One could quite easily question some of his recommendations — for he was over-generous — but never his catholic appetite and inexhaustible spirit. Even quite recently when he had a stroke he saw a good friend of mine, Miron Grindea, Editor of *Adam*, always ready to lend a helping hand.

He was entirely without envy and rejoiced in — indeed always aided — the success of others. I can think of no other contemporary writer who so much liked, often loved, his contemporaries and gave them such stupendous critical boosts. His enthusiasm was contagious, and he brought many a gifted man and woman out of obscurity. The public image of Cocteau is that of the talented exhibitionist, but those who knew him realized that few artists of our time have been fired with his energy and none with his powers of discovery, his good will, his deep understanding.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"——————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The Rev. Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, whose warm-hearted insight and clarity of expression has moved thousands of people, has, among the various books and writings to his credit a little pamphlet, *The Case for Reincarnation*. In Eastern teachings this is always considered in relation to the law of Karma (action and reaction as equal and opposite, on subjective and moral planes, as on the physical). It is extremely interesting, therefore, to see with how much understanding Dr. Weatherhead has penetrated the subject of Karma, while not calling it such, in the *Sunday Times* (6 October 1963.) He writes of the fallacy of the saying "to break the law." We cannot *break* any of Nature's laws, or even man-made ones. We can only co-operate with, or oppose them, in which case they break us. "Law runs through every part of the universe" whether we call it the decree of God or the nature of material things.

> If it were not so, nothing could be learnt, or relied on when learnt. The universe would be a multiverse and a madhouse. Miracle is never a breaking of law. It reveals the existence and operation of laws not yet recognized, and also the power of one law to influence, deflect and alter the effect of another.

He affirms that it runs through the physical, psychical, psychological, moral, and spiritual parts of the universe, and that the recognition of its moral aspect is vitally important today. For the "new morality" (so-called) is against the law, and thus never brings the goods promised. Behaviour not in line with God's law (and immorality is selfishness) can never bring "integration of character and joy in living." Even forgiveness, he declares,

> does not abrogate law. It restores relationship but it does not cancel consequence though it does change consequence from retribution into accepted discipline.

His final affirmation is that the reward for working with the law is spiri-

tual contentment. It is to be hoped that the wise contributions of Dr. Weatherhead, of which this is a sample, will be published before long in a more permanent form.

The very end of September 1963 saw the announcement by Bertrand Russell of the formation of the Bertrand Russell Foundation and of the Atlantic Peace Foundation (the latter specifically for research). The idea behind them is that of investigation of the underlying causes of war and of the measures to diminish and eliminate the risk of war, and, secondly, "to develop the means of creating a climate of influence" that will counteract falsities of propaganda. There is a distinguished list of sponsors, including the UN Secretary General, U Thant, Pandit Nehru, Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, Dr. Schweitzer, Danilo Dolci, and other well-known figures. The means of communication will be through a multi-lingual newspaper, a radio transmitting station, films, printed publicity matter, and finally the personal contact of experienced counselling teams, offering suggestions for mediation in specific trouble areas.

Not all the anti-nuclear groups are in full agreement with the approach to the problem proposed for the Foundations, though there is no quarrel, naturally, with the basic ideals. What *Peace News,* for many years a "live-wire" in peace activities, feels strongly, for example, is that the main obstacle to right action is not lack of knowledge disseminated about the dangers and the causal factors of nuclear war. The chief problem is that of "finding a convincing policy, of effective organization, and of breaking down the barrier which prevents so many people who know the danger of war from doing anything about it." This is reminiscent of the fact that hundreds of people know the causal connection between heavy smoking and lung cancer, but still go on smoking because they cannot think of themselves as anything but creatures of circumstance. Thus they have neither inspiration nor will by which to organize themselves to stop the habit.

Is it possible to compare investigation of public "drives," dispositions, ideas, obsessions, and so on, to psychoanalysis of the individual? The latter process attempts to lay bare the "work," so to say, to help the patient to face problems he is unconsciously trying to evade. Yet the best psychiatrists realize that such analysis is not enough in itself (and may even harm) unless there is something positive (deeper and greater than the "personality-in-conflict") to inspire the patient. Religionists would call it "soul" or "the spirit of God" in him. It may well be that collective "war and peace" research and efforts at international integration, if worked out simply at the humanist level, will, despite the best of intentions, find themselves insufficient. Knowing one's faults (and even sensing a better pattern of life) is by no means the same thing as knowing the source from which to draw the needed stimulus and will to overcome them.

If succeeding issues of the new quarterly, *Views,* show the same quality as the first two, is should have a real vitalizing influence on the public conscience and ideals, and on the ideas underlying them. The journal has Editors in London and New York, but its purpose is not local. It aims to foster universal brotherhood and understanding among men everywhere, since they share a common humanity. This note is struck on the first page of its first issue (Spring 1963) in the "Declaration" of its aim — to overcome "the spiritual and cultural barriers that separate men from each other." Mere material satisfactions will not resolve,

it declares, the problem of man's dual nature, animal-spiritual. Creative human relationships can help in degree, as man develops the new attitudes of which he is capable. What the founders of *Views* seek is "a total spiritual re-orientation" bringing about the fusion of a truer self-realization and a profounder conviction of brotherhood — not as some "vague concept" but as something fundamental to fulfilment. To clarify the ideal, to expose the innate sources of resistance to it, to restore the balance, is the task proclaimed.

The first editorial works the ideas out in terms of relationships and responsibilities. The second speaks out against the dehumanization of man, whether under Capitalism or Communism. Judah Heller, the New York Editor, and Founder-President of "Spinoza-Friends," U.S.A., deals with changes in religious outlooks and the drawing together of the different groups. The London Editor, Sabby Sagall, evaluates afresh "The Concept of Human Nature" since too often outer differences monopolize the attention, instead of its vital central core. The names of other contributors indicate the high standard of the journal. Dr. David Stafford-Clark, Consultant Physician in Psychological Medicine at some of the most important London Hospitals, Jean Brun, Lecturer on Philosophy at Djon University, Fenner Brockway, M.P., veteran champion of freedom, I. A. Polack, Education Officer of the Council for Christians and Jews, and others, write on the psychological intangibles from which spring the outer manifestations of unity or conflict.

More specific problems are dealt with, such as the injustice of the apartheid régime. The writer, Kathleen Nott, brings a philosophically trained mind to bear on the question of "seeing for oneself" in moral and in creative (artistic) thinking. The late Dr. Leon Roth emphasizes that a work of history has no real value unless the historian has some interest and vision of sufficient genuine and intrinsic importance to give a comprehensive significance to all events, instead of a partial, imperfect picture. Dr. James Garlick sifts "Racial Fact" from "Fancy."

Many other items of interest must be left unmentioned, but these show the pervading tone of the journal. But over and above the wealth of material, what is of value is the philosophical (in the true sense of the word), humane, and civilized quality, and the way in which the balance is held between the "popular" and "learned," between breadth and depth, so that one feels the "human touch." For the intelligent heart and compassionate mind, such a publication meets some of its needs.

In the course of correspondence in *The Guardian* on the damage to wild life due to the indiscriminate use of agricultural pesticides, there appeared a letter (15 October 1963) from K. R. Ashby of the Department of Zoology, University of Durham, in which he gives a significant example, one of the many recorded, of research in apple orchards in Nova Scotia, which were treated chemically against pests.

> Lead arsenate became useless because the codling moth became resistant. The subsequent use of DDT resulted in outbreaks of mites, scale insects, and tortricids. In one of the orchards the use of pesticides was then stopped entirely and within ten years natural control mechanisms were acting as effectively as the insecticides on the primary pest, and having none of the damaging secondary effects.

Mr. Ashby believes in the cautious use, on occasion, of certain selective, non-persistent insecticides, thoroughly tested by experts in nature conservation practice, but the irresponsible use of poisons while ignorant of their side-effects is rightly anathema to him.